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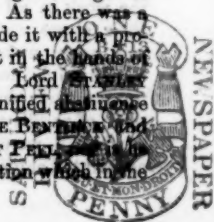
THE CONSERVATIVE LEADERS AT LIVERPOOL.

THERE is no reason to grudge Lord DERBY the satisfaction which he may naturally have derived from his reception by his supporters at Liverpool. The party and its leader applauded each other in reciprocal harmony, and the members of the late Ministry returned the kindly compliments of their chief by declaring that there was never a Premier whom men could follow with greater pleasure and pride. Lord MALMESBURY, Lord CHELMSFORD, Mr. DISRAELI, and Lord DERBY himself, dwelt with especial satisfaction on the cordial unanimity which had distinguished the Conservative Cabinet. Yet it is a remarkable fact that, during a year's tenure of office, one of the principal members of the Government was all but dismissed, and that two others afterwards seceded from office in consequence of an irreconcilable difference of opinion. Lord STANLEY was well known to dissent from the rest of the Cabinet on almost every question of principle, and Sir JOHN PAKINGTON was deemed, in many respects, heretical by the more old-fashioned majority of his colleagues. Perhaps no Ministry in recent times has dispensed more entirely with the cement of common convictions, and yet there is, in some sense, an excuse for the boast that the head of the Government and his supporters acted together with habitual cordiality. It is a great advantage to a party when the leaders in both Houses occupy their position without dispute or jealousy. Lord DERBY's rank and eloquence, as well as his personal character, naturally secure the deference of his followers; and Mr. DISRAELI has shown considerable tact in softening or overcoming the prejudices which he originally challenged and defied. Mr. WALPOLE is believed to have regarded with some impatience the habitual acquiescence of the Cabinet in all the suggestions of the two principal leaders, and the more consistent allegiance of Lord MALMESBURY, Lord HARDWICKE, or Lord CHELMSFORD, must have been satisfactory rather than surprising or flattering to Lord DERBY and his chief adviser. Nevertheless, any set of Ministers who contrive to maintain internal concord are entitled to take credit for their superiority in one important point to a restless assemblage of jealous rivals. Mr. DISRAELI, as the real author of the Ministerial policy, led his party into several unpardonable blunders; but in the Cabinet or on the Treasury benches he never pushed or provoked a single personal quarrel. Effective discipline in some degree compensated for errors of strategy, and even for the absence of any definite system or purpose.

There is no doubt that a Conservative party, especially when it is out of office, may have the opportunity of rendering valuable service to the country. When the institutions of the country are threatened, two Conservative parties are still better than one. The Government, by its responsible position, is naturally led to regard unnecessary innovation with suspicion and distaste, and, on the other hand, it is now Lord DERBY's cue to watch and check Lord JOHN RUSSELL, instead of tempting the authorized Reformer to bid against piratical copyists for popular applause and support. An Opposition can dispense with a positive creed far more conveniently than a Government. The great system-monger of the Conservatives even assured his puzzled audience that, provided there were different Parliamentary parties, it was immaterial whether they had anything to differ about. "I maintain," said Mr. DISRAELI, "that it is an error, a pernicious error, to associate the existence in England of great Parliamentary parties solely with the existence of great political questions." In other words, it is the duty of Lord DERBY's friends to keep together, even though they may happen to concur in Lord PALMERSTON's measures. Sooner or later they will have some objection to make, or, in extreme cases, they may even offer their collective support to the Minister, but the

main point is to "extirpate the monopoly of Liberalism, and to show that no single party is to have a peculiar privilege of governing the country by right." It may be admitted that the vigilance of a hostile minority is indispensable to the satisfactory working of Parliamentary Government, but Mr. DISRAELI characteristically forgets that there ought to be some real or supposed motive for hostility, or rather for opposition. The proposed Reform Bill, which will be brought forward in defiance of the matured judgment of its responsible authors, will furnish a public question important enough to justify the joint action of any political party which may have the means of rendering it as innocuous as possible. In the meantime, the Government must accept Lord DERBY's assurance that he will not "seek to eject them from office without regard to the interests of the country, or to the probability of being able to succeed them." It may be admitted that, on a former occasion, his coalition with Mr. MILNER GIBSON and Lord JOHN RUSSELL was not formed without a due consideration of the probability of succeeding the Ministry which was to be driven from office.

The only objectionable speech at the Liverpool festival was Lord MALMESBURY's ill-timed dissertation on foreign politics. Deferential assertions of the good will entertained to England by a foreign potentate have fortunately become as unpalatable as they were at all times degrading. Lord MALMESBURY has learned from Mr. DISRAELI to call the Emperor of the FRENCH "that Prince;" and it seems that "that Prince" has lately assured his early friend of his desire to maintain the English alliance. It was hardly necessary to repay the compliment by talking of the unspeakable value of the French alliance to England, or by retrospective alarm at the half-forgotten menaces of the bellicose French Colonels. The additional indiscretion of delivering an unnecessary opinion on the present state of affairs in China was scarcely necessary to prove Lord MALMESBURY's unfitness to be entrusted with the conduct of foreign affairs. Lord DERBY's speech was worthy of his reputation as an orator, and he displayed more than usual discretion in his forcible and effective manner of saying nothing. His audience felt that a great party leader was taking them into his confidence, and when they reflected on the substance of his flowing periods they only found it was their duty on every occasion to vote for candidates who in turn would vote for Lord DERBY. The most novel portion of his speech consisted in the most whimsical anecdote which ever threw light on the Duke of WELLINGTON's theories as to "the QUEEN's Government being carried on." About the end of 1845, Lord JOHN RUSSELL shrunk from the arduous task of repealing the Corn-laws, and consequently Sir ROBERT PEEL resumed office with the great body of his former colleagues. It seems that the Duke of WELLINGTON, who was at the time Ministerial leader in the House of Lords, wrote to urge the then Lord STANLEY to assume the command of the Conservative Opposition, on the ground that Sir ROBERT PEEL had irrevocably forfeited the confidence of the party. It is well known how the Duke overruled the conscientious scruples of ordinary peers who hesitated to abandon their former opinions in favour of Protection. "You can't," he said, "object to the repeal of the Corn-laws more than I do, and you see that I am going to vote for the measure." To Lord STANLEY, as a great political leader, he thought it right to assign an independent and opposite duty. As there was a Conservative party, it was better to provide it with a professional commanding officer than to leave it in the hands of mere adventurers and guerilla chieftains. Lord STANLEY justified his anomalous commission by a dignified abstinence from the mode of attack which Lord GEORGE BENTINCK and Mr. DISRAELI carried on against Sir ROBERT PEEL, and which is known to have shared in the profligate coalition which in the



following summer brought Lord JOHN RUSSELL into power. It is perhaps strange that, even after the lapse of several years, he should puzzle a Liverpool meeting by recording so singular a title to the willing allegiance of the Conservative party.

Mr. DISRAELI would perhaps have been more judicious if he had passed over his questionable achievements in finance, although he felt a just confidence that none of his hearers were likely to follow or comprehend his apology. "I recommended," he said, "a reduction of taxation which, had it not become an imperative duty to make a considerable increase in the armaments of the country, would still have left a large surplus in the Exchequer." In other words, the Minister, for the sake of popularity, caused an unnecessary deficit; and he might have added that he could only produce, even in the first instance, an ostensible equilibrium by adding two millions to the National Debt. The Budget of 1858 was the least creditable which has appeared for several years, and it was, on the whole, judicious in an after-dinner speech to glide rapidly over a dangerous topic. Theories about political parties were better suited both to the occasion and to the genius of the speaker, and the Liverpool Conservatives probably find a natural pleasure in discovering that, in voting for their own colours, they have been unconsciously illustrating some utterly unintelligible doctrine of political philosophy. Some among them, who may have occasionally suspected the genuineness of their own convictions, must be gratified by the information that it is not necessary for a party to hold any distinctive opinions. It is much easier to ascertain that a cockade is blue than to find out a difference in the policy of two successive Ministries. Sometimes, according to Mr. DISRAELI, there are duties more important and more solemn than even a blind adherence to party; but in ordinary cases the Conservatives ought to rely on "a combination of political action to guide them." It would have been difficult to invent a more felicitous phrase to express the entire negation of every theory, principle, and dogma which could distinguish a political party from a faction. Mr. DISRAELI has yet to learn that in dealing with human motives it is possible to go down to the lowest depths and yet not to be profound.

ADMIRALTY PROGRESS.

OLD Lord ELDON, after he had taken his ease on the woolsock for half a lifetime, and devoted his great talents to keeping the world which he found so comfortable as free from improvement as possible, was once asked the slightly impertinent question, whether he thought public men in general regarded their country's good more than their own. Of course he was of opinion that patriotism was the rule, especially among his own little clique of King's Friends. We should not like to repeat the same question with reference to modern statesmen. Probably the official tone is some degrees better than it was in the good old Tory days, but what sort of answer can be given even now to the inquiry whether your average Minister has any wholesome sense of the enormous responsibility which rests on those who have the welfare, the honour, and the safety of the country entrusted to their keeping? It would be easy to pick out men who have shown, in the wrong way, their consciousness of duties too heavy for them. There is a sickly sense of responsibility which leads to unenterprising routine, as well as an invigorating feeling which stimulates resource and prompts to action. Between jaunty recklessness and over-sensitive dread it is hard to find any who at once feel their responsibilities and do not shrink from them. The result is that Ministers, as a rule, go just where they are driven, and then make a boast of their respect for public opinion. If this be thought a severe judgment on other departments, no one will deny that it applies exactly to the Admiralty, not merely at present, but at all times and under all Governments.

Shortly after the Reform Bill there was a mania for economy, and the Admiralty, so far from struggling to maintain the efficiency of the service, adopted the popular cry, stopped the work in all the yards, discharged their seamen, sold off their stores, and reduced their estimates. The next move was again under influence from without. Iron steamers came into fashion for commercial purposes, and a cry was got up for their introduction into the navy. Immediately a score of paddle-vessels, with sides which could scarcely resist a rifle-ball, were turned out to serve about the same purpose as painted ships upon a painted ocean. They looked vastly

imposing, and they satisfied the public for the time. That was enough for the Admiralty, and no one thought himself responsible for neglecting the simple trials which would have settled at once the wisdom of such an experiment. A few years later, the cry was all for gun-boats, and the Admiralty, in deference to the *Times*, almost abandoned the construction of liners. A warning came, however, from the dockyards of France, which the Admiralty, as usual, were the last to see, but which raised a demand too loud to be resisted, and compelled the Board to set to work in earnest to restore the superiority of our line of battle. Thanks to the good sense and resolution of the public, and to the docility of the Admiralty, the work of building a screw fleet has been pushed on with a vigour which—if steadily continued and, in case of need, increased—will in time bring up the material of the fleet to something like an adequate state of preparation.

We should be the last to complain that the Admiralty is in some degree sensible to impressions from without; for, if it were not so, the navy would have vanished altogether by this time. But is it unreasonable to ask that the Board which presides over the fleet should occasionally originate something, if only to show that it possesses some vital force, and is not a mere dead organization which requires unceasing shocks of public outcry to galvanize it into the semblance of life? At this moment we believe it is exerting itself creditably in building ships; and it seems to have been so far awakened to the profligate waste which has been going on in the dockyards as to concentrate its chief energies upon Chatham, which, by the side of some of the other yards, may almost be called an economical establishment. This is so far well, but it is no excuse for delaying the re-organization of the whole system. A little vigorous reform in this direction would furnish ample funds for objects, if possible, of even greater importance than the construction of reasonably cheap ships. Every ship that is added to the fleet ought to be a fresh warning to the Board against the loitering policy which has led us to the very edge of danger. The more ships we have, the more men we shall want to turn them to account. Yet the Admiralty seem to be complacently counting the vessels which they have put upon the stocks, without stirring a finger to remedy the fatal deficiency of men. They know well that they could not man in an emergency even the inadequate fleet which is lying in reserve in the dockyards. All men know at last that defences which are unread are worse than useless for modern warfare. Time was once the great ally of peaceful nations. Leisurely preparations sufficed to meet tardy aggression. But time has deserted the defence for the attack, and promptitude is henceforth more needful for those who would preserve than for those who would destroy the peace of the world.

If there were one spark of inherent energy in the Board of Admiralty, it would not wait to be driven into the necessary measures for securing a reserve which might be relied on at a moment's warning. But it seems to be settled that the official fortress of inaction shall hold out until a regular siege, with the proper amount of Parliamentary battering and out-of-door bombarding, shall have set the Duke of SOMERSET and his garrison into motion in a new direction. Slowly, and somewhat against the grain, they were first taught the lesson that the country really meant them to build a fleet with all possible despatch. They have next to learn that they must find the way to man it whenever it is wanted. Difficulties, no doubt, may be suggested by wholesale, but they are not more formidable now than they will be when, in deference to popular pressure, the attempt will be made either by the Duke of SOMERSET or a more energetic successor to his post. It would be easy now for the Admiralty to gain some credit by showing that, for once, it was not lagging far behind the wise impatience of the people. It is the business of the Board to arrange the details of the scheme; but with a liberal Parliament to back them, and almost a superabundance of practical opinions collected for their guidance, the enterprise ought not to alarm men of ordinary sagacity and resource.

After all, perhaps, the details of the project may not be the most important part of it. The one thing which is certain is that the reserve must be bought. The amount of the price will probably have more to do with the success of the experiment than the particular form in which it is given. The Naval Lord who bore down upon the Admiralty about the beginning of the year tells a story which has always struck us as going to the root of this manning question. "A gentleman farmer of a penurious disposition complained to a friend that his horses were never up to

"their work, and that he could not get them into condition." The interrogative reply was, "Did you ever try oats?" The Admiralty has been lamenting now for many years that, with the vast seafaring population of England to draw from, it cannot keep the fleet manned. The question, "Did you ever try money?" may perhaps suggest to them the way out of their difficulty. Everything else has been tried in vain. The excitement of war was once relied on as certain to fill our ships, in spite of the double wages paid in the merchant service. The Russian campaign settled that point. The war filled the ships, it is true, but with a dozen ostlers, cabmen, and tailors for every seaman who could be tempted to join. Then continuous service was to be an unfailing resource—and a very good plan it may be to keep up a peace establishment. Registration and a half-compulsory naval militia system were tried on paper, only to be abandoned before they were put in practice. Nothing remains but to try the plan which has been suggested last instead of first—to secure a reserve of seamen by adequate pay, and to train them by occasional practice. It will not do to trust to raw levies, or to make sudden demands on ill-paid and discontented men. Fair rewards and sufficient training will probably be found to contain the whole secret of an effective reserve. Both pay and practice will cost money, but to stint either would defeat the scheme altogether. There will probably be little time to train the fleet whenever the reserve may be called out in force. The men ought to step on board ready, like the sailors of the Channel squadron, to make good gunnery practice in November weather, and work through such a gale as blew last week without parting company or breaking their line of sailing. If the practice of one summer has done so much for the crews of the Channel fleet, a very moderate amount of annual training would bring the reserve corps into at least a respectable state of preparation for war. But it is vain to speculate on what may be done until the Lords of the Admiralty have recognised in the voice of the public the sound which disturbs their repose and summons them to unwelcome action. As yet they seem a little deafened by the incessant call for "ships." If they listen more keenly, they will find that the cry is changing into "ships and men." With such plain sailing as they have before them, common sense, one would have thought, might have taught them to anticipate clamour. But that would be against all the traditions of the Board. They seem to consider themselves at liberty to throw all the responsibility of action on the public, and to reserve to themselves the privilege of obstruction until the pressure from without becomes too severe to be longer resisted. No Minister of any energy would condescend to so cowardly an abdication of his duties.

THE FRENCH EMPEROR AND THE ITALIAN QUESTION.

IF the letter attributed to the Emperor of the FRENCH is genuine, NAPOLEON III. has laid down a detailed plan for the regeneration of Italy which has the merit of being almost equally objectionable to every class and party in the nation. The moral influence of the POPE, which is despised and detested by nine Italians out of ten, is, according to the Imperial scheme, to be increased and extended; and at the same time, reforms which in turn are odious to the POPE will be introduced into the Ecclesiastical States. The definitive arrangement has not even the trifling recommendation of coinciding with the preliminaries which the necessities of war may have forced on NAPOLEON III. at Villafranca. The Duke of MODENA, who shared in the general guarantee given to the Austrian Viceroy, is, it seems, to be deprived of his dominions. The Duke of PARMA is not even to be restored to the territory which he held by an hereditary title; and a couple of foreign potentates are to present him with half a million of subjects, to whose allegiance he has as little right as his patrons themselves. As if to prove that the stipulations of Villafranca are in no respect binding, the Grand Duke of TUSCANY is, without any claim of reason or justice, to acquire some additional territory. Finally, Austria is to withdraw her German forces from Venetia, and Mantua and Peschiera are to be garrisoned by federal troops. The authenticity of the document requires farther confirmation, but in the meantime it may be treated as a formal summary of the terms which have been constantly recommended to the acceptance of Italy by the French Ministerial papers. When the scheme is thus stated in detail, its absurd and unstatesmanlike character scarcely requires any further exposure.

If the Emperor of AUSTRIA had, during the interview of Villafranca, made any promise as to the administration of Venetia, the concession would certainly have been made public, for the purpose of softening the universal disappointment occasioned by the sudden peace. As to Mantua and Peschiera, it was expressly stated that all the fortresses on the Mincio were to remain in the possession of Austria. If it is true that an entirely different arrangement has been made at Zurich, Austria must obviously have received some fresh equivalent which has not yet been published to the world. The Emperor of the FRENCH, if he wishes his statements to be believed, ought to make them complete and intelligible before he requires that his dictatorial counsels should be followed. The most uninstructed politician is in a position to see that the allegations which have been put forward are either untrue or a mere fraction of the truth. It is especially necessary to disclose the nature of the secret compensation which must have been provided for Austria since the conclusion of the war. Two great fortresses and the cherished unity of the Empire have not been sacrificed through a disinterested love either of Italy or of France.

The language which the French Government has held since the cessation of hostilities has been characterized, like the alleged manifesto, by a total and deliberate forgetfulness of existing facts and of the feelings of all parties concerned. It is not now for the first time that the Papal Presidency is represented as a measure which, satisfying "the religious sentiments of Catholic Europe," will also enable the Holy See to make reasonable concessions to its own immediate subjects. But Catholic Europe entertains no sentiment of the kind, and the POPE has assuredly neither the will nor the power to liberalize and reform his government. In a letter addressed to VICTOR EMMANUEL, the religious sentiments of Catholic Piedmont might have deserved as much consideration as the lachrymose fustian of French or Irish bishops. The Kingdom of Sardinia is at this moment threatened with an interdict, and the Sovereign is, in the person of his Minister, denounced by the POPE himself as having, by his policy at Bologna, constructively denied the immortality of the soul. The meetings of a Diet or Federal Assembly at Rome would either degenerate into idle formalities, or lead to inextricable conflict and confusion. Nevertheless, it is not impossible that the Emperor of the FRENCH may be especially bent on the accomplishment of the most chimerical part of his own project. M. DE MONTALEMBERT has again incurred an official censure by the utterance of an unwelcome truth. As a lover of liberty he was prosecuted for applauding the freedom of England, and in his capacity of a zealous Roman Catholic, he is now reproved for the undeniable statement that the French expedition to Italy has endangered the temporal authority of the POPE. As the same conviction is undoubtedly shared by the Ultramontane priesthood of France, extraordinary efforts will probably be made to prove that devotion to the Holy See forms an inseparable element in the great militant French "idea." On this point, again, Englishmen are entitled to ask whether Lord PALMERSTON and Lord JOHN RUSSELL are prepared to consult, in a Congress of Great Powers, the religious sentiments of "Catholic Europe." It is true that the French and Austrian Governments have long provided a Pontifical police for the suppression of open discontent at Rome and in the Ecclesiastical States, but it is quite unnecessary that England, receiving no credit for religious sentiment, should sanction, either by interference or by silence, a continuance and extension of an iniquitous system.

There is to be a decent amount of freedom—a *liberté sage*—established in Italy, under the auspices of France and of Austria. If the Imperial intentions are carried out, there is no doubt that the liberty which may ensue will, whatever may be its other characteristics, be undeniably *sage*. Nothing more decorous or unobjectionable than the liberty of the French Chambers and press can be desired by the most prejudiced Monarch. The POPE himself once appointed a *Consulta*, which was at liberty to render unobjectionable advice, if the Government under any circumstances thought proper to invite it. France would be justified in resenting the establishment, by her own Government, of a less absolute monarchy in Italy than that which constitutes her own felicity at home. If the Confederation were ever brought into actual existence, it would be far better for Italy to dispense with any foreign guarantees for liberal institutions. The Power which grants a constitution is likely to assume a right of watching over its infractions, and especially of checking any popular attempts to transgress its limits. The proposed exclusion of

foreign influence seems for the present to be inaugurated by the minutest regulation of all the affairs of Italy, without the slightest participation on the part of the nation, or even of the Sovereigns themselves.

The Imperial letter, if it is authentic, refers in singularly ambiguous terms to the position of the Ducal Pretenders. Their rights are said to be reserved, although it appears that the rights of the dynasty of Este are to be disregarded, "but the independence of Central Italy has also been guaranteed, inasmuch as all idea of foreign intervention has been formally set aside." It is not clear whether the guaranteed independence involves the power of refusing to readmit the fugitive Princes. The words may also refer to a supposed exemption from foreign influence, notwithstanding the restoration of the Austrian vassals. The consolidation of Italian independence by the hands of BOURBONS and HAPSBURG, is an idle substitution of forms and phrases for the securities which the nation desires and demands. It is true that the Federative scheme, including the territorial aggrandizement of Piedmont, would have been welcomed by the whole of Italy as a valuable boon, when, only twelve months ago, it would have been wholly impracticable. Before the war, Austria would have refused her consent, and it is not unreasonable that Italy also should change her policy with her circumstances, and claim to profit by the removal of external force.

Even now, notwithstanding the menacing remonstrances of France, the Italians have their fate in their own hands, if they are capable of a vigorous union. The Emperor of the FRENCH, in the last resort, will scarcely dare either to make war on Piedmont or to allow the Austrians once more to garrison the Peninsula. All the towns, the fortresses, the recruiting grounds, the material resources, are in the possession of their proper owners, and they can only be endangered by foreign invasion. There are men and money in abundance, and there is a daring ruler, with a well-organized military system, ready to place himself at the head of his countrymen, if he can only depend on their following him. It is absurd to suppose that there can be any apprehension of danger from the Papal or Neapolitan arms. The greatest risk would be incurred by the refusal of the Piedmontese Government to take the lead of the national movement. In such a contingency, GARIBALDI might still continue the struggle by appealing to the revolutionary passions of the lower classes, and by consequently alienating the actual leaders of the national cause. In the absence of a recognised flag, amidst the dissensions of an uncertain and divided people, foreign aggression would inevitably prove successful. The long business of liberation would have once more to commence from the beginning, and rightful claims of independence would be regarded throughout Europe as menaces against existing establishments and against the public tranquillity.

MISSIONARIES AND INTERLOPERS.

THE older servants of the former East India Company had the firm persuasion that the presence in India of missionaries and of independent European settlers would cost them in the long run their Empire. Probably nothing would more ruffle the superficial current of English prejudice than a hint that the Indian officials of those days may, after all, have been in the right. At the present moment, the men who are in India for the good of the souls of the Hindoos, and the men who are there in the interest of their own pockets, appear to have the ear of the British public, which almost seems to think that originally the East India Company was an intruder in the dominions which it won. Yet it is perhaps worth while to consider whether there may not have been something in the jealousies of the old Indian servants, even on the point on which their alarms are supposed to have been most unwarrantable. It is not a little remarkable that the persons who looked with greatest timidity on the progress of missionary proselytism were exactly the persons who understood the Hindoo best, and whose system of government, compounded of Hindoo customs and English institutions, survives to the present day. The Governors-General very frequently gave their assistance to the missionaries, and the Court of Directors more than once overruled in their favour the strongest representations of its servants in Bengal. The great resistance to the enterprise of CAREY, MARSHMAN, and their coadjutors was offered by the men whose reputation was exclusively acquired by administrative ability displayed in India itself. Their opinions are recorded

over and over again in the Reports of Parliamentary Committees, and they were unanimous, or nearly so, in the assertions they made. They declared that the mass of the Hindoos were wholly unable to distinguish between proselytism permitted by the Government and proselytism carried on by the Government. They affirmed that the continued assertion of the truth of Christianity and of the falsehood of Hindooism by men of the same race with the rulers of India, would in the end wear away the crust of native apathy, and rouse the fanaticism beneath into active ebullition. Not only was the fact of a general insurrection, of which the pretext should be jealousy of Christianity, announced by them, but the very mode of it was predicted. The massacre at Vellore, though missionary preaching had probably very little to do with it, had yet indicated the quarter from which danger was to be anticipated. The perilous and perhaps fatal disaffection which Sir JOHN MALCOLM and others prophesied was to have for its organ and expression the mutiny of the native army.

The error of these Indian statesmen consisted, not in their conjuring up an imaginary danger, but in their not seeing that a real danger would have to be faced. They did not understand that the support of various kinds which they would require from home for the maintenance of their empire would only be accorded on condition of their finding some place for Christian proselytism. The simple truth is that these men, enlarged as were their views and great as was their benevolence, were not earnest believers in Christianity. The strong reaction against the religious philosophy of the eighteenth century which had set in in England about the time we are speaking of, had but slightly, or not at all, extended to India. The Indian public retained the opinions and prejudices which had been universal at home among the upper, and widely diffused amid the middle classes, about 1750 or 1760. Still less did the Indo-Europeans experience any part of the movement—semi-philanthropic as well as religious in its character—which was headed by WILBERFORCE and his co-labourers, and which represented in England the sentimental ferocity which had had such prodigious effect in France. The obligation of giving the Hindoo the means of conversion to Christianity did not enter into the conception of public duty entertained even by the best of them. Nor had they the remotest idea that English public opinion would ever force them to undertake, whether they liked it or not, a task which they deemed idle as well as dangerous. It may almost be said that some of them had contracted a positive dislike of the Christian religion, at least in its most popular form. Their most eloquent representative in the House of Commons, Mr. CHARLES MARSH, ventured openly to compare the Deity of Calvinism with Bhowani and Siva, not altogether to the disadvantage of the latter, and called upon the House of Commons to say whether the Hindoo, renouncing, as he most probably would, his great virtue of temperance, would be so vastly benefited by a conversion to "predestination and gin." However, the English Government, pressed hard by Mr. WILBERFORCE and the rising Evangelical party, and not very strenuously resisted by the Directors, was forced to give way; and by clauses in the Charter Act of 1813, missionaries were allowed free entrance into the dominions of the East India Company. A compromise was then effected which stood firm till the late mutiny. The Indian Government was to refrain, with the utmost scrupulousness, from the very appearance of proselytism, but at the same time was to refrain, with as much scrupulousness, from interference with the missionaries. If this compromise were to remain undisturbed, it might fairly be said that the older Indians, in not foreseeing its practicability, showed defective knowledge of the races they governed. But will it stand? The whole of religious agitation in England at the present moment is directed towards its overthrow; and while all the servants of the Indian Government have renounced the antiquated opinions of their predecessors, some of the most eminent amongst them are anxious largely to modify existing arrangements, in order that the Indian Government may no longer be "ashamed of its Christianity." It is impossible, therefore, to say that the old alarmists are yet proved to be in the wrong. India, once lost by the revolt of the Sepoys, has been reconquered by Sikhs and by Europeans from home; and the effect of the catastrophe has been to add still greater vigour to the recklessness of those who would be puzzled to explain the difference between their schemes for conversion and direct propagandism by open force.

As respects the gentlemen who delight to call themselves in irony by the old name of "interlopers," it is the less necessary to consider what influence they have had in weakening the tenure by which the Empire is held, because they are at the present moment engaged in an active agitation for its destruction. It is a curious proof of the spirit which animates them, that, for want of a plausible grievance, they have borrowed all their cries against the Indian Government from home. They were not long in echoing the impudent assertion that the East India Company was deservedly punished by the mutiny for not having taught the Hindoos that Christian opinions are never propagated by force. Like numbers at home, they may be forgiven, in their ignorance of the common facts of history, for not knowing that they were blaming the Company for having refrained from inculcating a lie. But their right to reproach the Government for not having diffused proper notions of Christian charity may be tolerably well estimated by the recent scene in the Legislative Council, where their representative called it blasphemy even to speak of an equality between the European and the Hindoo races. The clamour against the Company for being ashamed of its Christianity having, however, subsided a little in England, the non-official minority has proceeded to borrow a number of projects from Mr. BRIGHT—not knowing apparently that the speech in which he broached them irreparably destroyed the credit which he had somehow acquired for more than ordinary acquaintance with Indian affairs. It is from him that they have got their scheme for dividing the Empire into three independent provinces, with separate representative councils—a scheme which comes to those who do not understand the Indian public with the credit of being backed by the whole weight of Indian opinion. It seems to divide into two branches. So far as it proposes to establish representative councils, it is a project for consecrating the privileges of the class which is now openly designated by its newspapers the "white aristocracy," and so destroying the last hope of a good understanding between India and her rulers. So far as it suggests the distribution of the Empire into three independent colonies with equal rights and powers, it is a mild version of a plan, described not long since by the *Times*' correspondent as particularly in favour with Calcutta politicians, for "giving up Lord DALHOUSIE'S conquests." Oude, the Punjab, and Pegu are to be abandoned. The older provinces are to be retained because they "pay," but are to be freed from subordination to any central authority, lest the ambition of some future Governor-General should again tempt him into a war of annexation. Words would be wasted in criticising proposals which would be unintelligible in their utter folly if they were not quite obviously advanced with the view of propitiating the great Birmingham demagogue. If Oude were left to shift for itself, we see no potentate so likely to unite it under his sceptre as NANA SAHIB. Pegu, if restored to the King of AVA, would simply confirm that sovereign in the opinion, known to be still entertained by him, that he is stronger in arms than the English, and that he has only been worsted in his conflicts with them through some monstrous freak of fortune. The Punjab, on our withdrawal, would be remitted to that very anarchy of competing chiefs which followed the death of RUNJEET SINGH, and found no relief till it resulted in a wanton invasion of the dominions of the East India Company. Three great wars would almost certainly be the first-fruits of the statesmanship of the "white aristocracy."

M. DE MONTALEMBERT ON ITALY.

WHEN, a few weeks ago, the leading journals of France expressed a hope that some sort of liberty of the press would henceforth be conceded, the *Moniteur* replied that the press was not only free to criticise the acts of the Government, but that the Government would receive criticism with gratitude and pleasure. M. DE MONTALEMBERT has taken the hint, and has recently published in the *Correspondant* an article on the present relations of France and the POPE. The result is exactly what might have been foreseen by all who are aware how entirely impossible it is that despotism and a free press should co-exist. If criticism of the acts of a Government is permitted, nothing can be more legitimate than for a strong Roman Catholic partisan to point out that the policy of the Government is adverse to the interests of the Papacy. When M. DE MONTALEMBERT underwent his famous trial a year ago, the chief charge against him was that he had attacked the principles on which the Empire is based. But his present

offence is of an entirely different character. He does not attack the Empire. He merely says that the Government has pursued a wrong line of policy; and no criticism is possible if a Government cannot endure to hear that its foreign policy is open to objection. The minor causes of complaint are of a very small kind. The *Moniteur* is indignant that, in a footnote, M. DE MONTALEMBERT has coupled the names of the EMPEROR and MACHIAVELLI. But it requires the keenness of hostile ingenuity to see that an author who says that statues have been erected to MACHIAVELLI at the same time as to two Princes means to intimate that the character of all three is equally bad. We are also given to understand that the EMPEROR intervenes in behalf of his allies as well as of himself. Not only he, but VICTOR EMMANUEL, is indirectly accused of resembling MACHIAVELLI, and in another passage the conduct of England in the war is pronounced to have been "ignoble." The EMPEROR cannot have seriously supposed that his allies would care much about these attacks. He must know that Englishmen are so accustomed to be abused by Continental writers that to be told merely that their conduct has been ignoble sounds in their ears like a sort of faint praise, and if there is any man in Europe on whom the innuendo that he is a master of sly, longheaded cunning would fall entirely harmless, it is the King of SARDINIA. According to any possible rules of fair discussion, M. DE MONTALEMBERT'S article is perfectly irreproachable. But the Empire and fair discussion cannot possibly go on together, and therefore sharp measures have been taken at once, and M. DE MONTALEMBERT again becomes the victim of Imperial timidity.

The drift of his article is to show that France this year has taken a very different course from that which she took ten years ago, and that under a despotism she spoils the Holy See, instead of upholding all its rights as she did when she was free. M. DE MONTALEMBERT wishes us to recall to mind that LOUIS NAPOLEON, in the early days of his Presidency, was strongly inclined to countenance the Romans in their revolt against the POPE, and that it was only because a large majority of the Assembly insisted on an active intervention in his favour that the PRESIDENT yielded to a policy which he did not approve. LOUIS NAPOLEON has given abundant indications that he only courts the priests because he cannot help it, and that his natural tastes would lead him to sympathize with the revolutionists of the Romagna. It is equally certain that it was the French Assembly, and not the PRESIDENT, that crushed the Roman Republic. The fact is, that the majority in the Assembly were afraid of the revolution through which they had just passed, and they saw in the armed restoration of the POPE a means of setting up Catholicism as a bulwark against the current of popular feeling, and at the same time of satisfying the national vanity by proving practically the influence and power of France. It is not improbable that M. DE MONTALEMBERT may be in some measure attached to the free institutions which he so eloquently praises by a conviction that Romanism would have a better chance of making its political weight felt in France under a free Government than under a despotism. The bugbear of anarchy leads the timid to rest on the most stationary of institutions in times of political agitation, and as the Roman Catholics have much to say for themselves, and have persons capable of saying it well, there is always a hope that they might be able to attain their wishes by pure force of persuasion. It seems to have been found a very powerful argument with the Assembly, that to uphold the temporal dominion of the POPE was in accordance with the policy of CHARLEMAGNE. We need not grow cold in our wish to see liberty in France restored because a free Assembly would be liable to think this an overpowering reason for engaging in a Roman Catholic crusade. We may comfort ourselves by reflecting that in the long run all free institutions will work in the same direction.

M. DE MONTALEMBERT is far too clever a disputant to deny that the inhabitants of the Romagna have been badly governed. But in demonstrating that it is the duty of France to suppress a revolution of which she has been the primary cause, he does not scruple to use irrelevant arguments. He urges that PIUS IX. is a good Pope, that he has not told any falsehoods, that he has not perjured himself, that other nations are as badly governed as the Romagnese, and that Poland, the Ionian Islands, and Ireland have as much right to be free as the Legations. M. DE MONTALEMBERT knows perfectly well that the question is not whether the Sovereign of the Legations has been treated with proper

gratitude by his subjects, or whether he would not be justified in suppressing a revolution by force, but whether a foreign nation, after having encouraged his subjects to rise, ought to massacre them until they again submit to him. The real question is, whether the inhabitants of the Papal dominions ought to be treated in a different way from the subjects of any other Prince. M. DE MONTALEMBERT takes the bull by the horns, and lays it down that they ought. It is more expedient, in his opinion, that the Romans should be subjected to the worst possible consequences of ecclesiastical government than that the Head of the Roman Catholic world should be exposed to lose his freedom of spiritual action. This is the real proposition to which extreme Romanists must come. They must lay it down that the degrees of suffering to which the Romagnese are exposed are wholly immaterial. These poor people are to be regarded as involuntary martyrs in behalf of Catholicism, and, however they may wince and scream, they must be held fast to the stake. There is an essential difference between their case and that of the other revolted Italians. M. DE MONTALEMBERT has nothing to say against the emancipation of Tuscany and Modena; and yet if France were bound to interfere merely to correct the indirect consequences of her conflict with Austria, she is as much bound to serve the Dukes as the POPE. There is no halting-point. It will not do to speak of the Romagnese merely as ungrateful insurgents, for no one objects to the POPE putting down the insurgents if he can; and it will not do to say they have no grounds for revolt, as even M. DE MONTALEMBERT owns that they have been governed as badly as other nations which, he thinks, have a right to rebel. There is only one tenable ground for defending an armed intervention in the Legations, and that is the ground that the inhabitants of the Papal States are handed over to earthly misery for the spiritual welfare of the world, and that France ought to take care they do not shirk their lot. This is the ground which M. DE MONTALEMBERT, amid all his eloquent meanderings, really takes, and it is one which Protestants cannot dispute with him except by going into all the differences that divide the two creeds.

It is rather hard on us that an old friend and admirer of England should call our recent policy towards Italy ignoble, when the ground on which he thinks a right and noble policy should be based is one that he knows has no meaning or force for us. He complains that during the war we abstained from interfering, and that since the war we have been doing all we can to foment the rebellion of the POPE's subjects. It is far from the truth to say that we have interfered in Italian affairs since the war was over, and M. DE MONTALEMBERT, if he were not led momentarily astray by the heat of a partisan, would see that there has been nothing inconsistent in our conduct. We, as Protestants, do not recognise that the POPE has a greater license than any other Sovereign to treat his subjects badly; and as the fact is abundantly established, not only that the Papal Government is lamentably bad, but that the nature of the Government prevents its ever getting any better, we have very heartily sympathized with the endeavours of the Romagnese to set themselves free. During the war, however, our Italian sympathies were absorbed in the larger question of European policy, and we considered that the freedom of a portion of Italy would be dearly purchased at the price of inspiring the French army with a fatal thirst for blood. M. DE MONTALEMBERT, however, stigmatizes this as ignoble; and, in order to stir us up to real nobleness of thought and action, he tries to intimidate us. He tells us that we have provoked the enmity of a hundred million Catholics. This is a mere paper flourish. We might reply, that the hundred million Catholics will have to contend against a Sovereign on whose Empire the sun never sets. Big words do no harm, and we wish this were our greatest danger. These hundred million Catholics must be singularly quarrelsome if they are prepared to unite in assailing a Protestant country simply because it has done what the vast majority of Catholics have done, and has remained passive while, in the language of M. DE MONTALEMBERT, the eldest child of the Church has set rebels on to plunder its Head.

TO PEKIN AND BACK AGAIN.

THE visit of the American Ambassador to Pekin ought to be instructive to English statesmen. Mr. WARD has tried the experiment which many among ourselves have thought that our own Envoy should have made before re-

sorting to the appeal to force which terminated in the Peiho disaster. The American Embassy adhered, with almost perfect consistency and with admirable patience, to the principle of showing the same consideration to Chinese representations which it is customary to pay to the official statements of civilized Powers. There was no want either of skill or, in some sense, of dignity in the way in which this policy was carried out. But the results are not encouraging. From beginning to end of his intercourse with the Chinese authorities, Mr. WARD met with abundant politeness, but he was baffled and humiliated at every step without even getting the satisfaction of a tangible grievance to complain of. When he went to Shanghai he was put off with a pretence that the Imperial Commissioners were bound in courtesy to wait the arrival of the English and French Ambassadors. When he attempted to open communications at Taku, he was assured that no one in authority was within reach, and that he must seek the true mouth of the Peiho at a point of the coast which, as he knew already, was no more the mouth of the Peiho than the entrance to the Blackwater is the mouth of the Thames. Still persisting in patience, and affecting to believe all that he heard, he found his way to Pehtang, the coast town where he was directed to seek the Chinese officials, and there he was told, with the utmost politeness, that the Governor of the province was at the Taku entrance, from which Mr. WARD had just been sent away. At last the Governor was found, and the *cortège* to Pekin was arranged. The retinue was to be limited to twenty men, and the journey was to be made in a covered box on wheels, without springs, which seems to be the Chinese equivalent for a Hansom cab. At Pekin, there was the same affectation of politeness and the same ingenious spirit of obstruction. The members of the Embassy were assured that they were at liberty to go wherever they pleased, but it was adroitly managed that they should not hold intercourse with the Russian Minister, and an attempt at correspondence with him was easily baffled by the Imperial letter-carriers. Nothing could be more flattering or more humiliating than the negotiation which ensued. Mr. WARD was gently taken to task about the occurrences at the Peiho, and graciously excused on making his explanations. The condescension of the EMPEROR was so great, and his desire to mark the distinction between the Americans and the English so strong, that there was nothing he would not do to show his kindly disposition to Mr. WARD. He would even waive two-thirds of the generally indispensable ceremony of three kneelings and nine knocks of the forehead on the ground. One kneeling and three knocks would do for a friendly Power which the EMPEROR delighted to honour. Even further concessions might possibly be made if the American Ambassador would submit to perform some trifling ceremony of Asiatic abasement. The Commissioners cited the English custom of kneeling before the QUEEN, though it does not appear whether this ceremony would have satisfied the EMPEROR. Mr. WARD was willing to perform the same obeisance to which American Ministers submit at European Courts, but nothing more; and so the parley ended. Of course Mr. WARD's refusal to comply with the prescribed forms was the subject of infinite regret. The desire of the EMPEROR was to show the utmost respect to the PRESIDENT, and he was inexpressibly grieved that without an audience it was impossible to receive his letter until after the treaties were exchanged.

Steady to his scheme of conciliation, Mr. WARD proposed to get over that difficulty by an immediate exchange of ratifications through the medium of an Imperial Commission. Most unfortunately Chinese customs rendered it necessary to decline even this request. A treaty could not be ratified in the capital unless in the presence of the EMPEROR himself. There was no alternative but for Mr. WARD to return to the coast town from which he started, and there exchange the treaties with Commissioners who should attend for the purpose. Not a sharp word or a sarcasm had passed throughout the whole affair. The American Envoy was throughout obliged to profess entire satisfaction with the extreme politeness of the officials who fooled him at every turn, and Chinese finesse won a characteristic victory when the transaction was completed at the very spot from which Mr. WARD had been led on his wild-goose chase after an Emperor whom he was never intended to see except on conditions to which it was impossible for him to submit. There was no want of tact shown by the Americans in any part of the affair. They simply followed out their principle of dealing with the Chinese as they

would deal with Europeans, and the end was that they were made ridiculous in the eyes of China and the world. The expedition was as bootless as the famous march of the King of France:—

The Envoy went with only twenty men
Up to Pekin, and then went back again.

There is a serious question which the laughable adventures of Mr. WARD suggest. Is our intercourse with the Chinese to be regulated by the fiction that they recognise the obligations which are tacitly admitted by civilized diplomatists? Nothing can be more hopeless than a dispute between two persons who have no common notions of right and wrong, of honour and good faith, or even of the external proprieties of intercourse. The lower civilization always gets the better in such contentions. A man who is too well-bred to insinuate a doubt, though he is morally convinced that his adversary is lying with all his might, is at a great disadvantage. The progress of the quarrel, and the occasion of the final rupture, are beyond his control. If he follows his own conventional code of conduct, he is certain to be baffled by his less scrupulous opponent. If, on the other hand, he accommodates his demeanour ever so little to the peculiarities of his adversary, he loses caste with his friends, and is but half satisfied himself with the plea of necessity which is his only excuse for neglecting the conventions of his own law of honour and propriety. This is the position which a civilized nation must occupy in any negotiation with such a Government as that of China; and it scarcely needed the narrative of Mr. WARD's journey to Pekin to prove that a diplomatist who is fettered by the maxims of civilized nations must inevitably be foiled by barbarians who allow the fullest scope to their cunning and duplicity.

The issue of the very different experiments tried by Mr. BRUCE and Mr. WARD in dealing with the same embarrassing opponent has in each case been unsatisfactory enough. But the military disaster which terminated the English Ambassador's attempt is not chargeable to his diplomacy. It was not his business to decide whether the force under Admiral HOPE was strong enough to overcome the resistance of the Chinese. But, quite apart from this unfortunate episode, the tactics of our Ambassador involved inconveniences only one degree less serious than those to which an opposite policy exposed Mr. WARD. The attack on the Peiho forts, if it had been entirely successful, would scarcely have been thought consistent with European theories of international law and diplomatic forbearance. According to civilized usage, Mr. BRUCE would perhaps have been bound to give conventional credit to the statement that a circuitous route was the direct road to Pekin, and that all proper preparations had been made for conducting him, with due regard to his dignity, by a river which did not exist to a capital which his escort could not reach by any other route than the forbidden Peiho. Whether he was under any obligation to extend the same complaisance to Chinese Commissioners who took no pains to hide the palpable falsehood of their statements, is a nice point of diplomatic etiquette, which might be discussed for ever without arriving at any satisfactory conclusion. There is less difficulty in comparing the practical effect of the two opposite methods of intercourse with semi-barbarous nations. Mr. WARD tried the one plan, while Mr. BRUCE was attempting the other; and if the brusque negotiation of England was defeated by a miscalculation of force, the polite complaisance of the American Minister only served to expose him to a more ridiculous though less disastrous failure. In all future attempts to come to terms with the Chinese there will be the same difficulty, and it is important to decide beforehand whether the tactics of Mr. BRUCE or those of Mr. WARD should furnish the model for future plenipotentiaries. There is no middle term. The theory of our intercourse must either be founded on the strict rules of international law and civilized usage, or else it must cast overboard all such requirements, and acknowledge no other code than the natural law of good faith and reasonable forbearance.

Mr. WARD observed, throughout his intercourse with the Chinese, all the technical proprieties which would have become an Ambassador at Paris or Vienna. He acquiesced without demur in explanations which were a string of unnecessarily transparent falsehoods. Like Charity, he thought no evil, and was prepared to endure anything which was not derogatory to himself and the nation he represented. All this complaisance did not save him, however, from being carried across the country and back again upon a fool's errand. The

prestige of the United States will have gained little enough by such an exhibition; and if a rougher style of diplomacy is condemned as a technical offence against the theoretical rights of China, there seems no choice but to abandon the attempt we have so long persisted in, to tear all the treaties we have made, and leave China for the future to the enjoyment of her cherished isolation. It clearly will not do for an English Ambassador to be sent in a box to Pekin for no purpose except to be sent back again; and if we cannot reconcile it with our consciences to deal with the Chinese rather on the footing of their acts than of their professions, it would be better to give up at once the hopeless task of bringing them to reason. We are no match for them in their own style of negotiation. They are clever enough to set at nought every treaty they have made, without giving an adversary the opportunity of putting his finger upon any technical *casus belli*. A want of straightforward good faith in carrying out a treaty is perhaps as good a moral justification of war as a distinct breach of some specific provision; and if Mr. BRUCE did not wait for a provocation which would satisfy a special plender, the experience of the American mission seems to show that, in dealing with the Chinese, the true principle is to look rather to the spirit than the letter, and to sweep away all the cobwebs of diplomacy by insisting on a loyal and substantial observance of engagements, in lieu of the evasive compliance which was all that Mr. WARD's conciliatory policy could obtain.

THE PAMPHLET OF M. DEBRAUZ.

M. LE CHEVALIER DEBRAUZ has given a pamphlet to the world on the subject of the Peace of Villafranca, the Conferences of Zurich, and the present European complication. The work will scarcely entitle its author to European celebrity as a *littérateur*. In its style it is vapid and sentimental, and in its spirit reactionary. Yet it is a publication that is not without importance at the present moment. It professes to derive its inspiration from sources of considerable authority, and, while published at Paris, it bears all the marks of having been composed under Viennese supervision. The anxiety with which it seeks to relieve FRANCIS JOSEPH from the personal responsibility of the famous "ultimatum," and throws the blame of that measure on Count BUOL—the zeal it exhibits in the assertion of Austria's unimpaired resources, even after the battle of Solferino—the jealousy it displays throughout for Austria's honour—the fidelity with which it professes to reproduce the very words of Austria's Emperor—are all most significant. Lastly, the solution which it proposes of the Italian difficulty is the Austrian solution *pure et simple*. On the other hand, so severe is the discipline to which the French press is subjected, and so august are the mysteries which the *brochure* takes upon itself to reveal, that the fact of its remaining unproved and uncontradicted stamps it in a certain degree with Imperial sanction. Indeed, as far as its language goes, the most lynx-eyed Argus of political morality could find nothing to blame or to improve upon. M. DEBRAUZ is clearly one of those humble flowers that flourish chiefly in the vicinity of Courts. He possesses to no ordinary extent the bump of veneration for the powers that be. His respect for Baron DE BOURQUENEY is only equalled by his esteem for Count COLLEREDO. He admires NAPOLEON III.—he adores FRANCIS JOSEPH. He recounts the meeting of the rival Emperors with bursts of undisguised emotion. The sheet of paper on which the preliminaries of the Treaty were to be signed, assumes in his eyes gigantic proportions. However, it is not till he gets upon the beauties of nature that the scenery of Zurich was not without its pacific influence on the delegates there assembled. "Entourée de collines riantes, et baignée par un lac d'une limpidité de cristal, Zurich respire ce calme profond et doux qui prédispose l'esprit humain à mieux apprécier ce qui est juste et vrai, en même temps que l'aspect des grandes beautés de la nature l'élève malgré lui au-dessus des passions, dans les sphères sublimes de la méditation et du recueillement."

The details which M. DEBRAUZ publishes of the interview at Villafranca are curious enough. It is possible that he may exaggerate the value of the *rapprochement* which ensued between the Emperor of AUSTRIA and NAPOLEON III. Yet if the pamphlet be taken for a reflex, however indistinct, of Imperial opinions, one thing upon the whole is clear—that the two Monarchs are of one mind as regards the subject of Italian nationality. M. DEBRAUZ paints, it is true, in strong

colours, the absolute refusal of FRANCIS JOSEPH to abandon the fortresses of Mantua and Peschiera; and it is equally true that the recent letter ascribed to LOUIS NAPOLEON appears to count on their abandonment. But changes have taken place in the last four months. As the difficulties in the way of the return of the exiled dynasties have considerably increased, the Court of Vienna may have raised the price it offers for their restoration. The CHEVALIER is careful to inform us that the dignity as well as the rights of the House of HAPSBURG are at stake. He insists on discarding ephemeral passions and prejudices, and examines the Austrian claims from the point of view of political legality. The precedents and maxims of diplomatists have less interest for practical people than for reactionary pamphleteers; but as the little book of M. DEBRAUZ culminates in interest upon this particular head, and as he has a theory on the subject which is no doubt the theory of his superiors, his observations are worthy of attention. By what right did the Emperor of AUSTRIA demand, and in virtue of what prerogative did the Emperor of the FRENCH consent to discuss the affairs of the Italian Duchies? Such is the question which at once occurs to every mind, and which M. DEBRAUZ proposes satisfactorily to solve.

The House of HAPSBURG has a distinct and recognised claim upon each of the three States under discussion. The peace of Vienna, in the year 1736, was followed by a subsequent treaty between LOUIS XV. and the Emperor CHARLES VI. Its provisions contained a covenant which stipulated that, on the extinction of the line of the MEDICIA, Tuscany should pass into the possession of the House of LORRAINE. France agreed to guarantee the transfer in return for a similar concession to herself. In course of time the Dukedom of Tuscany was bestowed upon a branch of the Imperial dynasty, after the extinction of which it was to revert to Austria. The Treaty of 1815 renewed this arrangement, and, subject to the interest of the existing Ducal family, the head of the House of HAPSBURG has a legitimate title to the reversion. As a party to the original contract, and as further bound by all the later treaties to the same effect, France, so M. DEBRAUZ maintains, is pledged to the observance of the settlement. In a similar manner the Congress of Aix la Chapelle, which confirmed the right of the Spanish Bourbons to the thrones of Parma, Piacenza, and Guastalla, enacted that, in the event of the *déchéance* of that dynasty, Austria and Piedmont should divide the Duchies between them. As in the former case, the Treaty of Vienna gave its sanction to the plan. By a recent convention the details of the contemplated division were revised. It is sufficient to observe that Parma and Guastalla, if the bargain is to be fulfilled, ought, like Tuscany, to revert to Austria. Modena, till the last few months under the rule of the family of ESTE, is in precisely the same predicament as the two other Duchies. Austria has an ultimate claim upon the reversion of all three.

M. DEBRAUZ argues that what European Congresses have given, nothing but European Congresses can take away. He asserts that the mere voice of nationalities has never yet been suffered to outweigh considerations of "haute politique." He points to Genoa, united to Sardinia against the express petition of its population—to Belgium, joined in 1815 to Holland, despite all its reclamations, and notwithstanding the difference of manners, language, and religion between the two countries. Lastly, in the case of Tuscany, he denies that a fair majority of the inhabitants are unfriendly to the exiled dynasty. The theory upon which it is proposed to reorganize the Duchies, it seems, is of the following kind. FRANCIS JOSEPH imperatively requires that Tuscany shall be restored to its legitimate Sovereign. By a legal fiction he will consent to suppose that the reigning dynasties of Tuscany and Parma have expired. Both countries accordingly at once revert to Austria. The niece of the Duke of MODENA will succeed her uncle. As a compensation for the throne which he has lost, the young Duke of PARMA will receive her hand in marriage, and the two will reign together over Modena. Parma will be relinquished to Sardinia as a gift. Such, we are told, is the plan struck out by the lawyer-like brain of the Cabinet of Vienna.

It might be fairly questioned whether, until the actual extinction of the existing ducal lines, Austria has any business to interpose. We might say that, even on the CHEVALIER's hypothesis, Parma and Modena have at their disposal a kind of base fee which will not terminate during the lives of any of the reigning dynasties, and that Austria's estate is not of necessity accelerated. Even if it were, would it be just or equitable that she should enter sooner into possession,

because her own insane counsels have brought the occupancy of the present rulers to a sudden close? But we cannot argue with the CHEVALIER on the assumption that crowns can be tied up in strict settlement for ever, or that the thrones of the earth may be regarded as transferable landed property. Let us pass on to his assertion that the voice of nationalities must give way before diplomatic reasons. Is it possible that M. DEBRAUZ does not perceive the inaptness of his illustration? In the present instance, political expediency and the wishes of the Italian population demand one and the same thing. We have never given our adhesion to the mere cry of nationalities; but as far as the Duchies are concerned, it is of the very highest importance to the peace of Europe that they should be left to themselves. To imagine an exactly parallel case—let us suppose that in 1815 Belgium had been loud in her entreaties to be joined to the kingdom of Holland, and that the interests of the world had required the junction, and that the Empire, whose claims on Belgium were a perpetual menace to the repose of the Continent, had objected on the ground of some traditional reversionary right? Would her effete pretensions have been permitted to prevent the expedient territorial change! Most assuredly not.

But the title of the House of HAPSBURG, we are told, is warranted by treaty and by congress. There is something more powerful than both, and that is a *fait accompli*. M. DEBRAUZ is of a diplomatic turn of mind, and will look for diplomatic precedents before he entertains a hostile argument. He shall have one. The Congress of Vienna, as we have shown, in which *France played her part*, solemnly ratified the union of Holland and of Belgium. On the 10th of November, 1830, a national Convention met at Brussels, and proclaimed the independence of the kingdom. The King of the NETHERLANDS had been given his rights by an European Congress, yet on the 24th of November the revolutionary Convention proclaimed the dethronement of his family. The King of the NETHERLANDS invaded the rebel territory. Who then came to the aid of the undiplomatic revolvers? The troops of France! Some months later a second European Congress met, not to interfere in the affairs of Belgium, but to ratify a *fait accompli*.

M. DEBRAUZ when he appeals to considerations of political legality, does little good to the cause of Austria. He puts in a stronger and more unimistakeable light the fact that, by restoring the exiled Dukes, Europe would be legitimatizing that Empire's right to interfere in Central Italy. Whatever the basis on which she grounds her assumptions of authority, Austria must interfere no more. As far as Italy is concerned, the treaty of Vienna is so much waste paper. War made it, and war has broken it, and political expediency forbids that it should be renewed. One thing we may gather from this pamphlet, and that is the course which his employers intend to pursue at the approaching Congress. It is the impression of the Austrian party that, if the intrigues of Sardinia were crushed, and Tuscany left to her own free will, she would vote for the establishment of her late rulers. The policy of France and Austria will probably be to refuse to allow the annexation which the Tuscans ask, in hopes that VICTOR EMMANUEL will withdraw his friends and partisans from the disputed State. This done, the resistance offered to the return of the Dukes would be, they trust, but feeble.

THE AUTHOR OF "TOM BROWN'S SCHOOL-DAYS" ON THE "BIGLOW PAPERS."

AN English edition of the *Biglow Papers*, with a preface by the author of *Tom Brown's School Days*, has just been published by Messrs. Trübner, of Paternoster-row. The *Biglow Papers* themselves we noticed some time since, at considerable length, in the hope of introducing them to the notice of English readers. We shall, therefore, on the present occasion, confine ourselves to expressing our satisfaction that they are at last published in England, and to stating that the edition issued by Messrs. Trübner is doubly entitled to the preference of those who may wish to purchase the book, by the fact that it contains a very interesting preface by a very popular English writer, and that it is the only English edition from the sale of which Mr. Lowell, the author of the work itself, will receive any profit.

It is to the preface rather than to the book that we propose at present to direct attention, as it raises a curious question connected with literary morality, which the author of *Tom Brown* has perhaps as good a right to raise as any living man. It refers to the degree in which humour may properly be associated with sacred things. Relying on the precedents of Luther, Latimer, and Rowland Hill, and deeply influenced no doubt by his own personal tastes, the author of *Tom Brown* pleads most energetically

for the "combination of broad keen humour with high Christian purpose." He tries hard to show that both the Old and the New Testament furnish illustrations of the truth for which he contends, and he concludes that "the exhibition of humour in the pursuit and as an aid to the attainment of a noble Christian purpose, is a means of action not only sanctioned by the very constitution of our natures (in which God has implanted so deeply the sense of the ludicrous, surely not that we might root it out), but by the very example of Holy Writ." The practical application of this doctrine is that Mr. Lowell is justified in exposing the wickedness of the Mexican war by such lines as these:—

If you take a sword and dror it,
An' go stick a feller thru,
Guv'ment aint to answer for it,
God'll send the bill to you.
Es for war I call it murder;
There you hev it plain and flat.
I don't want to go no furder
Than my Testament for that.
God hez said so plump and fairly,
It's ez long as it is bread;
And yu've gut to git up airly
Ef you want to take in God.

A special justification is pleaded for the use of scriptural images and phrases by a New England writer, on the ground that Scripture supplies the basis of his everyday thoughts, and that out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh.

It is not a little curious that this question, which is not, we think, quite so simple as the author of *Tom Brown* supposes it to be, should be raised in connexion with the *Biglow Papers*. The stanzas which we have quoted, and two others—much inferior in picturesqueness and point—are the only lines in the whole book which could possibly be considered profane by the most scrupulous judges, whilst the only instances of the use of Scripture language which we have been able to detect are as follows:—

I du believe that I should give
Wut's him unto Cesar,
For it's in him I live and move,
And his the bread and cheese are.
This [humbug] heth my faithful shepherd been
In pastures sweet heith led me.

This country was a sort o'
Canaan, a reglar promised land flowing with rum and water.

Whatever, therefore, may be thought of the familiar use of Scriptural phrases, Mr. Lowell would seem not to be much in the habit of using them, and we must add that he seems to us to use them in a rather unfortunate manner; whilst he might have avoided any question as to profanity by simply striking out four stanzas from nine poems which probably contain a hundred. Notwithstanding the arguments of his English editor, we cannot but regret that Mr. Lowell did not take that course, as, apart from any question of right and wrong, the stanzas in question seem to us to be objectionable on grounds both of literature and of logic. It is surely monstrous to say that, in any part of either Testament, war is denounced as murder; and it is not less untrue to assert that a public declaration of war, by an independent nation, is no justification to such of its subjects as engage in it. Without the right of making war no nation could exist at all, and the right would be nugatory and delusive if every soldier were bound in conscience to arrive at an independent opinion in favour of the war before he could lawfully take part in it.

Upon the main question of the irreverence of such expressions as we have quoted, we regret to be obliged to differ both with Mr. Lowell and his editor. The objection to such phrases as those which we have quoted is that they tend to favour mean conceptions of sacred persons and things. They are like vulgarity of manner, which may always be referred to a low estimate of our neighbours' claims on our respect and good will; and they tend much more rapidly than many persons would be inclined to believe, to train the mind to adopt the tone with which they harmonize. To have a low conception of the relation between God and man—a relation so infinitely wonderful that all thought and all language fail to express anything more than a sort of shadow of it—is surely the greatest evil that can befall any one; and to compare the judgments of God to tradesmen's bills, and to suggest that there could be a contest of ingenuity between man and his Maker, are forms of speech which do most undeniably tend to produce that result. The least trait of vulgarity introduced into such matters is an infinite evil, while almost any amount of humour applied to them is at best an infinitesimally small advantage; and we think Mr. Lowell's book had quite fun enough in it to have spared a couple of jokes (very small ones at best) introduced at such a hazard. The proposition which the author of *Tom Brown* lays down, and which is undeniably true, is that a sense of the ridiculous is an essential element of our nature, and that, even in respect to the most sacred things, it occasionally has its use; but it does not follow that it is right to employ every ludicrous image which can be made available for the purpose of setting a theological doctrine in a clear or striking light. It would, indeed, be a very weak and a very paltry thing to attempt to confine every man who handles such subjects to a certain set of authorized conventional phrases; and there can be no doubt that nothing has had so strong a tendency to destroy not only clear-

ness but manliness and force of thought upon these subjects, as the disposition which modern timidity has to put every one's language into a sort of orthodox strait-waistcoat. It is impossible, therefore, not to sympathize with any one who has the courage to put what he has to say into a shape in which it will command attention by boldness of expression and illustration; but the limit to which it is at all wise to proceed in this direction is very soon reached and very easily passed. A man, who, like Luther or Latimer, is overflowing with animal spirits, and full of lively vigorous thought, will occasionally raise a smile by the pungent originality with which he writes and speaks on sacred subjects, but it is curious and melancholy to see how soon originality passes, like everything else, into a mere trick. Cliques are constituted with surprising ease and rapidity. The public opinion of each clique is the public opinion to which its members appeal and for which they really care; and thus, if any man of a little more mark than usual adopts the practice of applying familiar language to solemn subjects, and of joking on solemn occasions, from a genuine belief that ridicule is an essential element in human nature, he is sure to be imitated by a larger or smaller following of subordinates, who think it a duty to come as near as they can to what is ordinarily looked upon as blasphemous and indecent, simply by way of protesting against conventionality. This kind of process may easily be traced in the works of some of our most deservedly popular authors, especially in the productions of the author of *Tom Brown* himself, and in those of his coryphæus, Mr. Kingsley. The utter detestation which these excellent writers feel for the practical Manichæism which would check every natural impulse, and stigmatize the strongest feelings of human nature as marks of corruption, constantly induces them to elevate bodily strength and high animal spirits to something approaching to the position of cardinal virtues, and to embody their views upon the most solemn subjects in language so unnaturally homely and so eagerly anti-conventional that it occasionally comes to the very verge of coarseness. There can be no better illustration of this than the frequency and vehemence with which Mr. Kingsley puts forward in several of his novels, and especially in one of his poems, the undeniable truth that the relation between the sexes is, and always must be, one of the principal elements of human society, and that it is meant to occupy a large space in life, and to exercise upon it a deep and varied influence. This is very true, and very important; but it would be a great misfortune that a profession of it so vigorous as to border very closely upon indecency should come to be looked upon as part of the duty of a Christian author; and we could, if necessary, quote more than one instance which tends to show that such a result is by no means altogether impossible. To the great majority of mankind any excuse for using strong language is usually so very welcome that such excuses should only be admitted with the greatest caution, and upon the plainest understanding that they are admitted as excuses, and not as justifications. *Prima facie*, it is undeniably wrong to use such phrases as Mr. Lowell has occasionally inserted in his poems; and even if it should be shown that, in his particular case, they are not meant to be irreverent, and that they do not, in fact, tend to diminish the reverential feelings of his readers, their use is not the less a matter of regret. We differ, therefore, from the author of the preface in thinking that the burden of proving affirmatively the propriety of the phrases in question lies upon Mr. Lowell, and also in thinking that neither he nor his critic have given such proof. He could, and we think he should, have done without them.

It would not be easy to give a clearer proof of the ease with which a very clever man may be run away with by a crotchet than is afforded by the strange Scriptural arguments which the author of *Tom Brown* adduces in favour of the application of humour to sacred subjects. The solemn irony which occurs in parts of the Psalms and the Prophets certainly makes to some extent in his favour, though the differences between our own days and language and those in which the Bible was written are so great that it is exceedingly difficult to judge how far the stern and shrewd exhortations of Solomon or the irony of Elijah were really likely to call up ludicrous associations; but we will venture to say that a man must have the sharpest of sharp eyes for amusement who can extract it from St. Luke's description of the riot at Ephesus. The observations of the author of *Tom Brown* on this point are so curious an example of the faculty of seeing what your case requires you to see, that we quote them in full:—

For a specimen of subdued humour in narrative, adhering in the most literal manner to facts, and yet contriving to bring them out by that graphic literalness under their most ludicrous aspect, what can equal St. Luke's description of the riot at Ephesus? The picture of the narrow trade-selfishness of Demetrius; of polytheism reduced into a matter of business; of the inanity of a mob-tumult in an enslaved country; of the mixed cunning and bullying of its officials, was surely never brought out with a more vivid sense of the absurdity of the whole.

No doubt there are plenty of modern novelists who would have been able to set the whole transaction in the most vividly ludicrous point of view; but that was not the view which St. Luke took of the subject. At least, if he did, the humour was so delicately concealed that at least eighteen centuries passed before it was discovered.

It is much to be wished that the very popular and in many respects admirable writer whom we have criticised would remember that there is no use in weighting the long arm of a

lever. Asceticism, in all its aspects, may be a very bad thing, but it is also so very unpleasant that to ignore it quietly is a much more effective check upon it than direct exhortations to eat, drink, and be merry, to use strong language, and to be genial on Christian principles. Human nature is so constructed that the least possible infusion of anything like affectation effectually reverses the effect of good advice. The slightest suspicion that homely language and humorous images are used for the support of a principle, or for any other reason than because they are appropriate to the circumstances of the case, entirely destroys their charm, and converts them into something unpleasantly like coarseness or profanity, as the case may be.

LA MARÂTRE.

THOUGH there can be no doubt that this play owes to its Imperialism both its revival at the present moment and much of the applause with which it has been received at Paris, yet it has merit enough of its own to account for its popularity, especially with a French audience. It is a very characteristic specimen of Balzac's great ability in the delineation of character, as well as of the French peculiarities with which most of his stories are so strongly tinged. The step-mother and her misdeeds are the ancient and undoubted property of novelists and tragedians. She has been the black sheep of society, the butt of every satirist in every age from the earliest dawn of mythic story; and to judge by the vigour with which the assault is still conducted, modern experience does not seem to have effected any modification in this unanimity of judgment. But even this type and pattern of all social enormities has its national features. There is a Teutonic step-mother and a Romanic step-mother. English authors have one reading of the character, to which—unless, as in the case of Byron's *Parisina*, they are poeticizing some Southern tradition—they generally adhere; and French authors have another. The English step-mother has an eye to the main chance, and as a matter of taste prefers breaking the eighth commandment to the seventh. Her whole proceedings are inspired by the commercial genius of her nation. She looks upon flirting as unprofitable, and upon adultery as a risky speculation. Her first and only love is her husband's will—that is to say, his testament. If she intrigues, it is for the purpose of sowing discord between him and his first family—if she commits crimes, it is only with the object of removing inconvenient heirs out of her children's way. The French step-mother—though unhappily it is the portraiture and not the actuality that is foreign—is a much more sentimental culprit. Of course she falls in love with somebody besides her husband—all married women in French novels do, whatever may be the case in actual life. But her old husband, naturally foreseeing the extreme probability of some misadventure of the sort, is more jealous than French husbands usually think it discreet to be; and the duplicity which his jealousy forces him to practise forms a moral *tout ensemble* of lying and lust which makes a very pretty subject for a little effective satire. To heighten the interest of the story, it has been a favourite device of the story-tellers of every age to make her step-son and her lover the same person; and this species of incest has always had a strange attraction for those writers who love to give a fillip to the appetites of their readers by tracking the development of rare and curious crimes.

It is Balzac's merit in this story, that while constructing a plot as tragic and startling as Parisian taste required, he has dispensed with those unnaturally lurid colours in the portraiture of the step-mother, and has been satisfied to paint the devil no blacker than he or she really is. She produces all the misery which is required to thrill the feelings of the audience, and make them go home to bed in a state of comfortable excitement, and yet she is only wicked by degrees, and more than half both of her wickedness and of its terrible results are due to the faults and follies of those around her—limitations which are in reality the conditions of almost all human crime, but against which all but the highest class of fiction-writers vigorously rebel. The story of the play turns on the common love of the step-mother and step-daughter for the same man, and their consequent mutual jealousy. La Marâtre, at the time she married, was in love with a man too poor to marry her. She had consented to wed an old General, in the hope that he would soon die, and leave her rich enough to marry according to her inclination. The General, however, persists in living on; and so, to beguile the time until he is pleased to die, and at the same time to disarm his very inflammable jealousy, she induces her lover to come and live with them as his factor. Unluckily, there is a step-daughter in the case, who is all that is charming, and against whose rising attractions the step-mother, no longer young, finds it difficult to compete. With true male perversity, the factor, after having for several years dutifully borne his part in that triangle of domestic relations which French novels are so fond of establishing between husband, wife, and lover, falls desperately in love with the young lady. The latter is nothing loth; and for some time the amorous factor goes on making love to both ladies, without being discovered by either. At last, the step-mother's suspicions are aroused by the young lady rejecting a proposal from a wealthy young proprietor in the neighbourhood. A trick, similar to that played upon Fenella by Charles the Second in *Peveril of the Peak*, confirms the step-mother's suspicions, and she resolves to set a spy upon the young couple. Meanwhile, however, the factor suspects that his duplicity has been found

out, and knowing that his old love is not likely to be squeamish in the mode of her revenge if once her jealousy is roused, he resolves to arm the young lady against her, and adopts for that purpose a plan which throws most of the step-mother's enormities into the shade, but which does not seem in the least degree to shock the dramatist's chivalry or decorum. The gentleman's method of arming the young lady against her step-mother—his new flame against his old one—is simply by handing over to the former letters written by the latter, in which she acknowledges that for his sake she has been unfaithful to her husband. This transfer takes place at a midnight meeting in the young lady's room. After it has been duly effected, and she has promised not to make use of the letters except in the last necessity, the affectionate couple, with a simplicity peculiar to stage lovers, walk out into the garden in an attitude of half embrace, going through the drawing-room which is next door to the Marâtre's room. Of course the Marâtre hears them, and makes an effective *coup de théâtre* by surprising them in the act. But the young lady takes a high tone, confesses her wish to marry the step-mother's former lover, avows her possession of the dishonouring letters, and threatens her step-mother with instant exposure unless she does all in her power to forward the marriage she abhors.

Up to this point the step-mother's only sin has been her infidelity. The point has now come at which this crime, after its nature, must generate other crimes to cover it. She discovers accidentally that her step-daughter carries the fatal letters about her, and she resolves to shrink from no measures that are requisite to get them into her own possession. Accordingly, she pours some laudanum into her step-daughter's tea, and seizes the letters when she falls asleep. But the step-mother is now hardened enough and embittered enough to go a step further. She will not only secure herself against the discovery of her dishonour, but also against the marriage of her lover. She will not only disarm her step-daughter, but she will force her to renounce the factor, and to marry the wealthy young proprietor whom she has once refused. For this purpose the prejudices of her old husband place a frightful weapon in her hands. He is an old General of the Empire, with an enthusiastic attachment to the memory of Napoleon; and his monomania is an intense detestation of those of his marshals whose abandonment of the Emperor was the proximate cause of his fall. Unfortunately for the hero of the story, the young factor over whom the two ladies are fighting is, though the old General does not know it, the son of one of the most guilty of these marshals. If the General did know it, not only would his daughter's marriage be impossible, but he would most likely run the young gentleman through the body into the bargain. Both ladies are in possession of the secret, and the step-mother's scheme is to bend the step-daughter to her wishes by threatening to disclose it. The threat is made, and attains its object, in a scene which is rather too abrupt for English notions of probability; and the young lady, in order to save her lover, consents to abandon him, and gives a written pledge that she will marry the wealthy proprietor. For a French heroine in such a dilemma there is but one resource left. Accordingly she steals some poison out of her step-mother's room, and takes it; and her lover, on finding what she has done, of course follows her example. By the rapidity of her proceedings she is nearly executing an unconscious revenge upon her step-mother. The quarrel between the two is known—a friend of the family had detected her in the act of administering the laudanum—and the poison which the step-daughter had herself taken, and of which remains are discovered, is known to have come from her room. She is on the point of being dragged off to prison on a charge of murder, when suddenly the door opens, and the young lady walks in in a night-dress, supported by the factor, who, for a poisoned man, looks remarkably well. The young lady then observes that the succours of religion have taught her that she must not let her step-mother be guillotined on a false charge (a French play, like a Royal Speech, always winds up with a compliment to religion), and therefore she explains the real state of the case; and having done so, she dies. The lover then declares his real birth and dies; and the General, for no particular reason except general agitation, dies also, exclaiming that he dies praying for the Emperor.

One of the most curious features of this play is the very unequal power which is displayed in the delineation of the various characters. It is like one of the old pictures in which the master painted the main figure and left the rest to his pupils. In constructing the plot on which the play is founded, Balzac seems to have made a sort of compact between the exigencies of his auditory and his own genius, and to have bargained that, if he might draw one character according to nature, he would abandon the others to the conventionalities of French romance. The old Marshal of the Empire with an idolatrous fidelity to the memory of his selfish master, who believed in nothing but himself, and sought for nothing but his own ends, was a stock character in the *repertoire* of liberal romancers before experience had taught them that Liberalism and Napoleonism were not exactly the same thing. Unhappily, this ideal fidelity is sadly belied by the actual conduct of most of the Marshals whom Napoleon left behind him. The other subsidiary characters are not more true to nature. The conduct of the lover in this piece is, it is to be hoped, a libel even upon French adulterers. We venture to believe, too, that French young ladies are not in the habit of discussing with their lovers the subject of their

father's dishonour. The promptitude with which the young lady renounces her lover for the purpose of benefiting him is, we are well aware, in the highest style of French heroism. To marry a man whom you do not love, that you may do good to a man whom you do love, is an act of saintliness as precious in the eyes of a French novelist as wearing a spiked girdle next your skin, or walking with peas in your shoes, is in the eyes of a Roman Catholic divine. The amorous suicides with which the piece closes are a standing feature of tragic tales in France. We should imagine their parentage to be the Rousseau style of sentiment on the one side, and the revolutionary mimicry of Pagan Rome on the other. But all these conventional absurdities are more than redeemed by the truthful delineation of the central character of the play. The gradual descent of the step-mother towards crime—first, the mercenary marriage with the old man, with no other aim than that of securing an independence by a short apprenticeship of *ennui*—then the infidelity, which is its easy consequence—then the crime on crime, each unthought of until done, exacted by the growing imperiousness of the passion and the cruel necessity of constant concealment—the bitter desolation of feeling that she has staked her life's hopes on the continuance of an affection which is ebbing from her as she stands—are all painted with a delicacy and sobriety of colouring which must have been strange and difficult to a French imagination. When this piece migrates to the English stage, as in due time of course it will, English audiences will trace in it a truer picture of human frailty and the suffering that dogs it than they are accustomed to meet with in Parisian importations. And, for a wonder, notwithstanding the subject with which it deals, the moral is immaculate and beyond reproach. The agony of slighted love as the retribution of slighted honour, and the necessity of a life of lying as a punishment for the one great lie of a mercenary marriage, are lessons the truth and force of which no prudery can disparage or misread.

THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE MISSION.

THE recent meeting in the Senate House at Cambridge is as remarkable as the object for which it was convened. An armed neutrality would be, perhaps, not a very inadequate estimate of the general bearing of one of our Universities towards the other; and at any rate, a respectful rivalry and a courteous though distant interchange of hesitating amenities, has generally marked the intercourse between Oxford and Cambridge. The Cambridge meeting on All Saints' Day and the Oxford and Cambridge Mission to Central Africa are, however, significant of something much more important than a mere cordial intercourse between the great English Universities; and newspaper readers will lose a good deal if they pass over the speeches delivered on Tuesday last, as we all do the platitudes and common-places of a missionary meeting. As they were no common men who spoke, so it was no ordinary occasion which brought them together.

It has long been an anxious inquiry, not only to the Christian who feels his responsibilities, but to the student of the history of civilization, how it is that the Christian missions of these latter days stand at so disadvantageous a comparison with those of earlier times. It cannot be in the system—it is not in the instruments. Christianity is the same—its aids are the same—its offers, and its contrasts with the old feeblenesses and wants of humanity, are the same. If the East, with all its sensuality, was roused by the Gospel to a more vigorous life, and if the North, with all its coarseness, bent the neck to the yoke of Christ, how is it that in all these later centuries no church and no denomination has added a people—still less a continent—to Christendom? It is not in the instruments; for Xavier, and Henry Martin, and Bishop Selwyn, will hold their own even with the Augustines and Bonifaces. The fact remains; and only partial reasons can be given for what is all but the general experience of the Christian Church. Something, we can well believe, may have been lost to the energy of Missions in the circumstance that the divisions of Christianity present an obvious obstacle to its present extension and reception. Even the barbarians of the Pacific may be staggered—as the refined and subtle intellects of the Indian peninsula must be repelled—by the disquieting reflection that the offer of Christianity can only be closed with after a difficult survey of the rival claims of conflicting sects and contradictory doctrines. Mr. Carlyle would doubtless account for it by the reflection that these are unheroic men and days. But admitting that Missions are seriously hindered because Christians are not agreed about their own profession, yet missionaries tell us that these theoretical difficulties disappear very much in missionary work; and on the other hand, we are quite certain that all that goes to make up a hero or saint, though presented under different aspects, is just as real and as large among ourselves as in the days of primitive Christianity.

For our own part, we suspect the reason is this—that we do not sufficiently recognise the self-adapting powers of Christianity. When the Gospel was first published, it fitted itself into very various forms of social and political, and even physical, life. Christianity was Catholic because it was not of a single type. Eastern Christianity, Western Christianity, the Church of Augustine, the Church of Basil, the Church of Chrysostom, the Church of Cyprian—how very different each of these special types of Christianity! The Christianity suited to an

African or an Asiatic constitution and cast of mind was not that suited to the men of Scandinavia and Britain. Christianity was plastic, and produced different moulds of its profession. But the notion of a converted India is that of settled parishes, each superintended by a stiff and decent gentleman in a black coat and white tie, with "dearly beloved brethren" twice on Sunday, and a Provident Fund and district visitors assisting the parish minister in his work; or—for it comes to much the same thing—the students of the Propaganda are encouraged or compelled to take out in their most unelastic rigidity the cast-iron formulae of the latest Roman schools. In either case, there is no room left for the free natural play of the intelligence—no encouragement held out for the convert both to fit himself to his new faith, and at the same time to fit, not the essentials, but the accidents and accompaniments of the faith to himself. For this was the rule of the old Church. The Christianity of a people was in the main self-evolved. Hence the ethnological varieties of Christianity. Hence, too, its general success.

If we are now beginning to get any hint of the point in which modern missions have failed, our recognition of the diversity incidental to forms of Christianity representing many varieties of the human race will at any rate teach us to recognise and adopt some such diversities among ourselves. That the two Universities should have combined in a single scheme—that, for the first time in their history, they should have combined for an object on which so many differences exist as the missionary work—that they should have taken this step at the instigation of one who was a Dissenting preacher, and that such men as the Bishop of Oxford and the Chancellor of the Exchequer should vie with each other in decorating with all their eloquence the simple name of David Livingstone; is in itself a sufficient augury that a new day may be at hand for Christian missions. On either side the old narrownesses are exchanged for the recognition of a larger duty and a more imperious necessity. Dr. Livingstone, himself a Dissenter, appeals to the Universities as the sources from which not only the national religion, but the highest forms of energy, and patience, and intelligence may be sought. He tells Oxford and Cambridge that Christianity and civilization must go together. The Bishop of Oxford enlarges upon the theme that commerce itself is a sacred institution, and presents peculiar and substantial aids to the missionary. Dr. Livingstone, in his own person, unites the two functions of the modern missionary. And all this is to be applied to a virgin soil. A ship of novel construction is to be launched in unknown seas. Central Africa presents, we are assured, remarkable opportunities, if not peculiar facilities, for the work. It does not seem, if Dr. Livingstone is to be considered a specimen of the class which he heads, that there is any very bitter hostility among Dissenters to the Church doing its work in its own way. Sir George Grey has done much, and is likely to do more, in helping the united work of Christianity and civilization. To great official capacity he adds personal interest in the country whose affairs he has so ably administered—and all this without reproducing the narrow and often mischievous cast of official religionism, or religious officiousness, which has in India hindered both the missionary work and the political development of the resources of the country. The Bishop of Cape Town has exhibited very remarkable powers in dealing with the Kaffirs and Zulus. If, as it seems, the English Church and the English Universities are taking up this work in earnest and in a new spirit—and certainly with instruments well fitted to the work—we trust that there will be no more official obstruction from routine and etiquette. If more bishops are wanted, or are thought to be wanted, no Government aid is asked for them—no Parliamentary grant, either Imperial or Colonial, is thought of. The work is in good hands, because in private and non-official hands.

The reproach of centuries we are now asked to assist in wiping away. The intelligence which has prompted the fiery energy of England to pass deserts and mountains in material interests is now invoked in the noblest of causes—the spark has been struck to which no youth of England who deserves the name has yet been found insensible. Africa, once the mother and nurse of Christian Churches, is now to be reconciled to the Church. The land of a Cyprian and an Augustine—the land which gloried in the Churches of Alexandria and Carthage—is to light in its southern deserts the beacon which has been extinguished on its northern shores. While two great nations, which delight in the titles of Most Christian and Most Catholic, only find in the land of Ham a field for military exercise and political aggrandizement, England is asked to take the better part. Having freed the slave, we are now invited to complete the task; and in the truth which alone makes a man free, the Christianity of England will best promote its self-chosen work of suppressing the Slave Trade. We are told, and not without truth, that the Slave Trade will always exist where there are men who consent to sell, and who are not unwillingly sold. But a Christian slave is a contradiction in terms—Christian Africa will cease to produce the raw material of the traffic of man in man.

THE PERILS OF THE PIPE.

THE Dean of Carlisle has been out on another social campaign. That irascible divine is quite the knight-errant of his day. He rides abroad redressing human wrongs, and charges established institutions with a temerity that is Quixotic, to say the least of it. Last Christmas he rode full tilt at the panto-

mimes. Since then he has appeared in the field ready to do battle against all the world for the charms of toast-and-water, and now he has drawn his puissant sword and carried death and destruction into the ranks of the tobaccoists. The occasion was a good one. The Carlisle Athenæum was crowded. Working men, panting for the enlightenment of their minds and the final extinction of their pipes, turned mournfully from the doors, where expectant masses already clustered thick. The Dean was armed *cap-a-pié* with facts, theories, and arguments. He had culled the sweets of the historical past; he bristled at every point with statistics of the present; his prophetic eye flashed far into a fuliginous future, saw emaciated generations wasting away before the poisonous drug, and the glories of Britain eclipsed in clouds which her own children have helped to make. The tribe of maladies especially, which, at one period or another of his discourse, the orator, with a true artistic conception, contrived to introduce, was positively terrific. Pandora's box was a mere joke to it. The hair of all the little boys in Carlisle must have stood on end as the Dean calmly summoned all these dreadful ministers of woe to his aid, and with a merciless Stoicism read out the frightful catalogue. Not a grievance known to humanity seemed to dare to disobey his call:—

Circumsilit agmine facto
Morborem omne genus—

and when, to crown all, he produced a diagram of a cancer in the tongue, and with triumphant conclusiveness pointed to it as the result of tobacco, the effect, one can easily imagine, must have been prodigious. Not a man who heard him but must have shuddered as he thought of the pipe which he had intended to have before going to bed that night.

If Dr. Close's object was merely, as he more than once suggested, to prove the evil of excessive smoking, and to warn the lads who heard him against spoiling their complexions and making their clothes smell by premature indulgence in the practice at all, no reasonable person could object to his admonitions, except on the ground of their being completely unnecessary. All the world agrees with him so far. Everybody believes that it is bad for children to smoke, and many a sound flogging tends to familiarize the rising generation of schoolboys with that wholesome truth. Everybody believes that it is bad to smoke in excess; and a man knows when he has smoked too many cigars, just as he knows when he has drunk too much wine, or eaten too much pudding. Up to this point, therefore, the Dean is attacking an imaginary foe; but this is by no means his entire view of the subject. Tobacco is, in his eyes, a great moral agent, which must be ranged on one side or the other, in the struggle between good and evil. "Its use," he says, "must either impede or promote our direct religious labour; it must be our handmaid, assisting us to our spiritual and pastoral duties, or it must be a hindrance." It is because he very decidedly considers it a hindrance that Dr. Close proclaims himself its uncompromising enemy; and the arguments which he brings forward in support of his opposition, and the tone of mind in which that opposition is made, seem to us equally characteristic and equally objectionable. There is a sort of violent, ruthless intolerance of other people's likes and dislikes, a repugnance to tastes which happen to differ from one's own, an unfeeling forgetfulness of considerations which do not affect oneself, that are the especial dangers of narrow and unimaginative natures when they come to deal with the affairs of their fellow-men. It is in this temper that Dr. Close takes in hand the matter of smoking. He evidently hates tobacco with a good hearty hatred, and he cannot endure that anybody else should like it. The fact that a hundred millions of the human race are believed to enjoy smoking, only provokes him to a righteous indignation. As he counts up the sums spent upon it in this country, he cannot help mourning over such a profligate abuse of good coin. "Is not this a wanton waste of money upon an idle custom?" "Here are nearly nine millions sterling thus annually consumed and diverted from channels of utility and beneficence—from works of taste, and cultivation of the arts—and puffed away in selfish indulgence, useless if not injurious, and to the larger portion of society offensive, to many disgusting." Then he goes on to calculate that the man who smokes an ounce a week pays 12s. 8d. a year to Government by way of tax on his luxury. "Let the working men look to this." It seems to us that they might look a long while without seeing the least reason for putting out their pipes. No one can watch a labourer enjoying his mid-day rest, or plodding home at night, or sitting after the day's work at his cottage door, without understanding that tobacco is the one great luxury of his existence. Such a man has not to trouble himself with the amount of duty which it has paid. Be that as it may, he knows that it comes well within the reach of his scanty means, and that it is about the only nice thing that does.

As one of Dr. Close's own witnesses says, it is tobacco that lightens the poor man of half his burthen of labours. It is difficult not to feel thoroughly ill-disposed towards any one who deliberately sets to work to denounce so harmless and so hardly-earned a pleasure. There is a good Saxon phrase which expresses the popular sentiment towards those uncomfortable reformers who would rob a poor man of his beer; and if anything could reconcile us to the thought of rough language being applied to a dignitary of the Establishment, it would be such a cold-blooded

and ungenial philosophy as that of Dr. Close, when he coolly advises the Carlisle workmen to break their pipes, and assures them that that would be one great step towards "rising in the world with a rapidity they little dream of." Are Deans then, we wonder, exalted to an eminence above the common pleasures of humanity? Do they breathe some subtler and more delicate atmosphere, which disables them from sympathizing with the ordinary feelings of their species? Has Dr. Close no little "selfish indulgence" of his own, to which are devoted sometimes the funds that might otherwise find their way to the promotion of the fine arts, or the cause of public benevolence? Pope speaks of "pudding that might have pleased a dean;" but that venerable order is, in reality, we must imagine, profoundly indifferent to such sordid considerations. In the contemplation of abstract truth, in the intricate meanderings of a spiritual philosophy, in the lofty flights of a chastened imagination, they are lost to the gross affairs with which the body has to do. Comfort, rest, physical enjoyment—they know them not; and when they stoop to guide the destinies of mere flesh and blood like ourselves, is it not natural that they should suppose other people as exalted as themselves, and sometimes forget the infirmities of those with whom they have to deal?

Natural it may be, perhaps, but it is not the less to be regretted. It is just this absence of sympathy, this reckless disregard of the habits and necessities of life, this off-hand denunciation of innocent practices, which have so unhappily diminished the influence of every class of religious instructors over the working classes of this country. Religion is not so deeply rooted in the affections of the million that she can afford to espouse the unpopular side in a controversy which in so large a degree concerns the public convenience, and about which the best judges are quite as far as ever from coming to an agreement. Still less will her interests be advanced by such violent and exaggerated language as that of Dr. Close's oration. "They were all agreed," he told them, "that there was in smoking something so subtle, so insidious, that when a man had once indulged in it he could not leave it off—it stuck to him—one pipe became two, two became four, and four became eight, till by and by he smoked from morning to night." The Carlisle mechanics of course must have known that, as regarded ninety-nine men out of a hundred, this description was purely imaginary, and they will very naturally make a proportionate diminution in the amount of credit to be accorded to the next statement which the Dean may happen to make to them. They will know that he is a man who shoots beside the mark, and aims his darts at evils which exist only in his own feverish fancy. Nothing could tend more than this to lower his influence, and diminish his chances of success in his labours among them. A Church of England, with a denunciation of pipes for a 40th article, would carry its own refutation with it to the great mass of hard-working, temperate, and frugal people, who contentedly find in smoking a substitute for all those numberless luxuries and excitements which people in Dean Close's rank of life are able to enjoy. There is something quite shocking in a clergyman going about in this way, constantly leaving a sort of holy damp behind him, suggesting unnecessary scruples to tender consciences, and trying to revolutionize society, not by large and generous principles, but by tiresome meddling with habits which surrounding circumstances may have rendered expedient and perhaps even necessary. Puritanism has bequeathed us many valuable legacies, but this disagreeable trick is not amongst them; and we should certainly think Dr. Close far more hopefully and profitably employed, if, instead of quarrelling with his colleagues and abusing the innocent pleasures of his poorer neighbours, he would devote himself to providing the working men of Carlisle with a good comfortable smoking-room, and getting up a subscription to send as many poor little children as possible to revel in the transient ecstasies of the next Christmas pantomime.

SIR PETER LAURIE.

HOW is it that certain bores and nuisances seem endowed with perennial vitality? Whom the gods love die young—whom the gods hate never die. Bow Common and its abominations—the smoke of the thousand chimneys, glue factories, and bone-crushing works—the Court of Aldermen, and bribery at elections—survive the stoutest assaults of reason, law, common-sense, and common decency; but it requires a French invasion to rid us of Smith O'Brien, Sir Peter Laurie, and the Marylebone Vestry. Moderate remonstrance, reason, the contempt and indignation of a whole people, are alike thrown away on certain *corpora vilia*. The temporal dominion of the Pope, and the Bourbon rule in Naples and Spain, are instances on a large scale of the pachydermatous insensibility to improvement; but Sir Peter Laurie exhibits at the very lowest end of the moral pole the complete and normal incapacity for homely wisdom. And yet such a personage has his standing use in the economy of things. A drunken Helot had his value; the *Record* newspaper is a living warning; and those curious in the investigation of final causes will doubtless be able to assign a purpose for the existence of every moral phenomenon, not excluding Sir Peter Laurie. The optimizing poet who found a purpose—though he did not tell us what purpose—for a Borgias or a Catiline, might have discovered that a London alderman, administering justice, breaks not Heaven's design; but less speculative metropolitan philosophers, or the students of a more practical

code of social economics, may stumble at the exceptional aberrations of a system which, for the last thirty years, has permitted Sir Peter Laurie to bring the administration of justice into disrepute.

The existence and vitality of Sir Peter Laurie being a standing difficulty as concerning the moral government of the world, another problem equally difficult of solution occurs. Who can calculate the cometic period of his appearances? It is not that, by any accident, "the worthy magistrate" ever stumbles even into a solitary exhibition of good sense, but there seems to be some occult law which regulates his irregularities. When he comes out, it is always in full blaze. On one notorious occasion, he set himself the task of putting down suicide; and this craze he pursued with an unrelenting pertinacity of stupidity which almost assumed heroic dimensions. Recently, within a single week, he has even excelled himself. It is as though, like the Malays, he were possessed with an irresistible cœstrum which impels him to mischief and folly. He runs a muck at common sense on every occasion. He snaps and bites with an indiscriminate rabid insensibility to propriety. And just as it is hard to distinguish between fanaticism and enthusiasm, so Sir Peter Laurie's folly occasionally develops the proportions of that sublime to which the ridiculous is said to tend. On the two last occasions he has, we repeat, exceeded himself. We are afraid that the wholesome control which the Lord Chancellor possesses against the judicial extravagance of the Solons of petty sessions, cannot be exercised against metropolitan Aldermen, and the Commissioners of Lunacy constitute a tribunal expensive to invoke; so there is nothing left for it but to chronicle, without a hope of correcting, Sir Peter's last extravagances.

Last Tuesday week a bookseller—not one of the Sosii of Paternoster-row—evidently desiring to advertise himself, and to take rank among the canonized confessors of the Anti-Church-State Association, declined to pay a church-rate because of the alleged Popish practices in his parish church. Not a single proof was adduced of any Popish practices; and even had such proof existed, or been tendered, it is obvious that the only question before the magistrate was whether the rate was valid. It was not attempted to dispute the validity of the rate; but the bookseller objected on conscientious grounds. He did not even say that he had ever attended the church, either in the reign of Calvinistic or High Church rulers. He only wanted not to pay 17s. 6d., and he made the trumpery excuse of the alleged Tractarian novelties, because he thought it was a popular topic on which to rest his refusal. He probably reckoned on a Sir Peter Laurie, and he reckoned wisely. He angled for a foolish magistrate, and Sir Peter Laurie took the bait greedily. What the conscientious bookseller wanted was an official guardian and administrator of the law who felt that it was not his duty to administer law, but to talk clap-trap. Sir Peter Laurie answered these conditions. "If every one would make the same objection, it would soon put an end to Popish practices"—that is, if every one would defy the law, it would soon put an end to opinion. "St. George's-in-the-East," observed Sir Peter Laurie, "has set an example" which he cordially desired and wished that St. Faith's should follow. Now the example of St. George's-in-the-East is that of simple and undisguised rioting—the example of St. George's-in-the-East is a breach of the public peace—the example of St. George's-in-the-East is controversy in the engaging shape of spitting on the clergy, tearing surplices, and threatening the Bishop of London. This is what a guardian of the peace recommends—this is the obedience to the law which a magistrate sitting on the bench suggests. Sir Peter Laurie, being himself a Presbyterian, has no more to do personally, or as to his own religious convictions, with the alleged abominations at St. Faith's, than the rector of St. Faith's has to do with the services at the Canongate Church. His opinion of the service in an English church, or his wish to put it down, is simply impertinent. But Sir Peter Laurie had heard of Jenny Geddes; his ideal of a religious reformer is that of a vulgar Edinburgh old woman; he talks her talk and inculcates her practice. He is welcome to her great example, as far as he is personally concerned; but for an English magistrate deliberately and officially to incite and invite a mob to disturb a congregation is a proceeding which ought to be open to superior cognizance. We should recommend Scotch officials of whatever grade to recollect that to tamper with or to solicit mob interference with religious controversy is not suited to English feeling.

The other case in which Sir Peter Laurie exhibited himself is, if possible, still more outrageous. A poor boy was brought before him charged with "attempting to pick the pocket of a gentleman. Mr. Child, wine and spirit merchant, 52 and 53, Crutched-friars." This gentleman-merchant, possessed of the imposing warehouse, extending over two houses, had been drinking—was not drunk exactly, but had been drinking. It does not appear that he lost anything, only that he felt his pocket-book pressed against him, and the boy had the ill luck to be near the wine-merchant who had been drinking, when he felt the boy, or fancied that he felt. Obviously, here was not the slightest evidence against the boy—not the slightest evidence that any robbery, or attempt at robbery, had been committed by anybody. The boy bore an excellent character, and the

wine-merchant was desirous to back out of his charge, hoping "that it would be a lesson to him for the future"—a lesson, we suppose, to give a wine-merchant who had been drinking a wide berth in a crowded street. The magistrate's clerk here very properly took up the magistrate's part, and observed to the complainant that nothing had been proved, and that he had no right to assume the boy's guilt. The knot was not a difficult one; but the god of justice descends. Says Sir Peter, "I do not think it a false charge. . . . However, I will remand the boy to Newgate for a few days." Nothing but the universal and loud indignation of the audience prevented the execution of this atrocious sentence. On Wednesday last the case was re-opened. It was proved that Mr. Child, instead of being a wine and spirit merchant with two houses, was only a commission agent, and resided in a back room in the slums of Blackfriars. Of course he did not appear, whereupon Sir Peter Laurie remarks, "I did not expect he would come; but it does not matter." "Does not matter!" but it does matter," indignantly interposes Alderman Copeland in language which everybody will endorse. The man Child had made a false charge—he very nearly succeeded in consigning an innocent boy to Newgate. All this is nothing to Sir Peter Laurie. He discharges the boy, to be sure; but "it is only his good character that saved him." With all submission to Sir Peter Laurie, the boy's character had nothing to do with his discharge. There was no evidence whatever against him; and his accuser was proved to have been drunk, to have made a false charge, and to have given a false address. The boy ought to have been discharged, not because, in a doubtful case, the balance of evidence was not absolutely against him, but because it was proved, with the utmost cogency of facts, that he was entirely innocent.

We must say that these two cases present a malversation of justice almost unparalleled in the annals of even the metropolitan justice room; and to remark that Sir Peter Laurie has disgraced justice, and really deserves to be removed instantly from any further abuse of the magistrate's office, is but a small censure of his conduct. If there is not such a power, there ought to be: and if no other remedy for the possibility of such another occurrence can be found, it must be made in depriving all merely municipal personages of their *ex-officio* seat on the magistrate's bench. It is scarcely reasonable to anticipate the existence of another Sir Peter Laurie; but the contingency must be made impossible.

REVIEWS.

POLITICAL ASSEMBLIES OF THE EARLY FRENCH PROTESTANTS.*

THE pupils of the Lycée Saint-Louis, where M. Anquez is Professor of History, must be inspired by an unusual passion for learning if they keep awake during his lectures. His work on the political organization of the early French Protestants is intended for older readers, and it is well adapted to the historical book-shelves, from which it will seldom be taken down. The occupation of collecting materials for possible future historians fortunately possesses attractions for certain minds; and the detailed resolutions of assemblies which met at Montauban or Rochelle two centuries and a half ago, even if they fail to throw light on some disputed point, will always be interesting to students who are occupied with this particular portion of history. Ordinary human memory declines to burden itself with the dates of eight or nine religious wars which ended within a few years in as many perfidious treaties. St. Bartholomew, the Estates of Blois, the murder of Henry III., and the Edict of Nantes stand out, with a few other conspicuous events, from the chaotic struggles of the time; and the unprejudiced observer will further rise from the study of the period with a vague impression that, under many varieties of fortune, wrong was, on the whole, generally triumphant. The documents which M. Anquez has collected, although they illustrate the proceedings of the weaker party, are naturally silent as to their principles and motives. The Protestant confederates, when they laid down administrative regulations for their common government and defence, were not called upon to explain to one another what they were fighting for. Proclamations, resolutions, Acts of Parliament, and Blue-books in general, form a small, though indispensable, part of the raw material of history. State-papers contain, at most, a collection of the conditions under which certain acts were performed, and details of the means by which they were effected. To general readers, lists of strong places garrisoned by the Reformed party, and of the quotas contributed by various districts to the pay of the army, are as uninteresting as a catalogue of star-fish and sea-anemones to a mind which has remained innocent of modern maritime zoology. To extract an essence of meaning and instruction from the mass of inorganic records is the proper business of the historian, and M. Anquez modestly declines any ambitious attempt to manufacture the results of his labours into a fabric suited to general use. From his scanty remarks, the curious inquirer fails even to discover whether the writer is a Roman Catholic, a Protestant, an advocate of religious liberty,

* *Histoire des Assemblées Politiques des Réformés de France.* Par Leonie Anquez.

or, like nine-tenths of French historians, an idolater of the despotic unity which dates from Richelieu and Louis XIV. Perhaps it may be assumed from his preface that he shares in that loyalty to supreme power which seems to be accepted as a homage to Imperialism, even when it is immediately addressed to the Royalty of a former generation. "Who," says M. Anquez, "could dare to assert that our Kings, when they declared themselves champions of the traditional worship of France, were not acting in accordance with the inspiration of their consciences, or not believing that they were performing one of the duties of their office?" There is the true courtierlike twang in the designation of Catholicism as the traditional worship of France. There certainly have been those who dared to affirm that the massacre of St. Bartholomew was a questionable proceeding, and doubt might perhaps be thrown on the conscientious motives which induced Charles IX. to fire on his unoffending subjects out of the window of the Louvre. If M. Anquez wishes for a single champion who has accepted his challenge by anticipation, he may be referred to M. Michelet's remarkable History of Francis I. and his immediate successors. Some of the atrocities which are there imputed to the last Valois Kings may possibly be apocryphal or exaggerated, but it is fully shown that the unfortunate course of rejecting the Reformation was adopted entirely on political and selfish grounds.

When Royal hostility had once led to a systematic persecution, the defeat of the Protestants became a natural, if not a necessary, consequence of the position which they were forced to assume. The minority, which included the best and soundest part of the nation, could only defend itself by forming a separate commonwealth which bore an anomalous relation to the kingdom at large. While the priests were preaching assassination, which the princes and the Paris mob were always ready to practise, the gentry and the commons of the Southern provinces were forced to create an organization which enabled them to negotiate and to fight for their existence. According to the notions of the time, as well as by the indefeasible right of self-defence, the Religion united a community sufficiently numerous and important to command the respect of the Crown itself. Navarre and Condé, Bouillon, Rohan, and Lesdiguières would have shocked no prejudice by arming to resist Royal oppression even if they had not represented the great body of the minor nobility, as well as the populous cities of Gascony and Languedoc. It is a proof of the general good faith of the Reformed party that they never attempted or contemplated a permanent secession from the Monarchy. They elected assemblies, appointed generals, and collected taxes, solely in anticipation of the wars which never failed to revive as soon as the Crown had recovered strength to renew its course of persecution. During the actual struggle they were, like all insurgents, practically independent; but in time of peace their organization had only a provisional object, and their strong places were held as a necessary security against fresh acts of tyranny. It seems evident that so singular a position could, under no contingency, have been permanent, and that chronic resistance, if it had been successful, must finally have led to actual separation. If Spain had been a Protestant, or even a Liberal Power, the Southern provinces would have detached themselves from France; and it was only through the backwardness of James I. and of Charles I. that Rochelle failed to become, for a time at least, a possession of England. The satisfaction with which French historians regard Richelieu's capture of the Protestant capital is more excusable than their general sympathy with the suppression of corporate and provincial freedom.

Nevertheless, the political defeat of the Reformation in France inflicted an irrecoverable blow on the liberty of the nation. Religious enthusiasm, intellectual sympathy, and practical necessity had, perhaps for the first and last time in all French history, united the great nobles, the gentry, and the commonalty in hearty co-operation. The meetings of the Estates-General of the kingdom always brought out into stronger relief the distinctions of the different orders; but in the Congregations, citizens and ministers sprung from the people deliberated in concert with feudal magnates and with princes of the blood. In one of their temporary constitutions, the General Assembly elected by ten provinces was to consist of four noblemen, two ministers, and four commons; and it was provided that at each successive election the repartition of the different orders among the constituencies should be entirely changed. Thus if Guyenne had returned a nobleman, and Lower Languedoc a commoner, it would be necessary for either province on the next occasion to nominate a member of the class which had been passed over. In addition to the elected representatives, all dukes and lieutenant-generals of the Religion were to have a seat and voice in the Assembly. In the earlier forms of association, the dignity of Protector was vested in some powerful chieftain, but the Protestants found that their independence was compromised by the personal ambition of their leaders, and their later organization only allowed a temporary pre-eminence to their Presidents or to the generals of their armies. The Court repeatedly endeavoured to win over the chiefs, and its efforts were not unfrequently successful; but neither Bouillon, nor Lesdiguières, nor Sully found it possible to convert their co-religionists into the instruments of a merely selfish policy. The League, with the House of Lorraine at its head, and its armies recruited by priests and monks from the ignorant peasantry and the bloodthirsty rabble of Paris, was, in comparison, a mere vulgar faction. Its success would have

led only to a despotism under Guise or Mayenne, and to the establishment in France of the gloomy intolerance which was already extinguishing by degrees the national life of Spain.

Unfortunately, the wisdom, virtue, and manliness of the nation remained with the minority; and the Protestants themselves were aware that it was impossible to secure an absolute triumph over their opponents. The accession of Henry IV., and his subsequent conversion, formed perhaps the only compromise which could have restored peace to the kingdom. The Edict of Nantes, which M. Anquez judiciously publishes at length, is a record of the King's good sense, as well as of the firmness and courage of the Protestant body; but with the legal concession of a certain amount of religious freedom, their political independence and vitality disappeared. Henry IV. took care to stipulate for the entire abandonment of their republican organization; and when they subsequently rose in arms against Mary of Medici and against Louis XIII., their cause was no longer clearly and indefeasibly just. After their final defeat by Richelieu, the Protestants still enjoyed toleration, until the revocation of the Edict by Louis XIV., but their chiefs were persuaded, one by one, to conform to the religion of the Court; and even if Rohan and Turenne and Lesdiguières had adhered to the doctrine of their forefathers, the nobility, who had once formed the centres of a rude provincial independence, had become, in the ideal golden age which Frenchmen admire, merely the insignificant hangers-on of Versailles. The base and cruel persecution of the Protestants in the latter part of Louis XIV.'s reign was an act of sectarian intolerance rather than of Royal dislike to freedom. The utter suppression of corporate existence, of personal rights, and of national spontaneity, had been accomplished while the Edict of Nantes was still nominally in force. The historians of the Restoration and of the Orleans Monarchy were in the habit of showing how, by some mysterious operation, a levelling despotism had led, through degradation, corruption, and violence, to the establishment of a representative system which was to expand by a natural law into more and more perfect developments of freedom. Their survivors, who have seen the restoration of military despotism in France, have uttered many a noble protest against the false doctrine which has been still more conclusively confuted by experience. Still, however, a servile crowd of writers repeat the commonplaces of a past generation, and Louis XIV. is a more popular hero than Henry IV. It would be idle to expect in modern France any general sympathy with the Protestants of the fifteenth century, who thought and acted and fought for themselves. It was only, perhaps, under the influence of religious conviction that such an organization could have been formed for the defence of right against the Crown and the multitude; yet if the Synods and Assemblies had been engaged in the vindication of civil liberty, their ultimate triumph, which would have elevated their country in the scale of nations, might not have been an impossibility.

SWORD AND GOWN.*

IT is always a melancholy thing to see the degeneration of a clever and well-educated man; but in the case of the author of *Guy Livingstone*, the regret which the spectacle would inspire is considerably mitigated by the extreme unpleasantness of the form which his cleverness and education assume. *Guy Livingstone* was a very well-written and in parts an exceedingly entertaining book, though its faults were of a very offensive kind; but *Sword and Gown* is only a weaker edition of *Guy Livingstone*, with the addition of a quantity of those melancholy lay sermons stuffed with classical allusions, and uniformly appended to the text that all is vanity, which Mr. Thackeray has brought into fashion amongst the class of writers who attempt, by a continuous stream of diluted irony, to supply the place of thought and knowledge. We never remember to have seen a more melancholy illustration of the bad effects of piecemeal composition. The "originally published in *Fraser's Magazine*," which figures on the title-page, is the most significant comment on the contents of the book. The story meanders along without interesting even the author himself, who, with an eye to the monthly tale of bricks which is painfully apparent in almost every page, goes off into endless digressions and sermons even at the points which might have been expected to interest him. The substance of the story is that a very strong major flirts with a very pretty girl, whose affections he wins, though he is himself married, but separated from his wife. She at first consents to elope with him, but afterwards, on the representations of a former lover, changes her mind. He is mortally wounded at the battle of Balaklava, and she makes her appearance as a hospital nurse at Scutari just in time to nurse him in his last moments. The book is made up of such incidents as a conversation of which the point is that the chaplain of the foreign watering-place where the scene is laid tells the heroine that he does not like Major Keene, and has a bad opinion of him—a scene in which Major Keene listens to Miss Tresilian's songs, and is vexed because the chaplain comes in and disturbs their *tête-à-tête*—an evening party as to going to which Miss Tresilian changes her mind—and other exciting events of the same sort. Here and there, however, something a

* *Sword and Gown*. By the Author of "Guy Livingstone." Originally published in "*Fraser's Magazine*." London: John W. Parker and Son, 1859.

little more lively is introduced by way of a change. For example, Major Keene (who of course is a Hercules with a "vast deep chest," "knotted muscles without an ounce of superfluous flesh to dull their outline," and a pair of moustachios on which he might have hung his hat) has an opportunity of "slinging his left hand straight out from his hip," and thereby knocking down a drunken French peasant who has insulted Miss Tresilyan. But even this warlike incident appears so dull to the author, that of the fifteen pages devoted to it, two are occupied by general reflections on the French Revolution, and apologies for making them—one by a story of a man who missed an appointment for want of small change to pay a turnpike—and another by a little dissertation, illustrated by examples, upon moral and physical courage. It is obvious that where the author himself cannot get through his best incident without stopping to yawn and stretch three distinct times, and to beg his reader's pardon for doing so, there cannot be much entertainment for the reader. The only characters in the book who enlist much of our sympathy are certain Russian lancers, who, thirteen pages before the end, get round Major Keene whilst he lies on the ground with a broken thigh, and bore several large holes through different parts of his person. The time and space which he consumes in dying appear, we must add, most unreasonably long. Even when he is dead the author cannot leave him alone. He is dreadfully anxious about his future state. Miss Tresilyan constantly prays for him, we are told, but the author does not think that will do much good. He faintly conjectures that possibly he may have "been raised up for a warning," but he adds, "let us refrain from this subject," as it has puzzled "grave and learned theologians." He ultimately subsides into a hope

"That heaven may yet have more mercy than man
On such a bold rider's soul."

"A strange doctrine that . . . but if there be no germ of truth therein, it were better for some of us that we had never been born."

Our own epitaph on Major Keene would be couched in much more familiar verse:—

Underneath a fellow lies,
No one laughs and no one cries;
Where his soul is, how it fares,
No one knows, and no one cares.

Perhaps it may be wrong to contemplate the future prospects of any human creature with perfect indifference, but Major Keene is such an unredeemed blackguard, that if he had had a soul at all, it would, we think, have formed an exception to this rule. The author of *Sword and Gown* seems to think that there must be germs of truth in any doctrine which avoids the consequence that it would be better for some of us if we had never been born. However this may be as to human beings, there can be no doubt that the principle fails in reference to ideal characters. It would have been far better for the author himself if his literary progeny had never been produced; for a more disgraceful scoundrel than the hero, and a more radically corrupt performance than the book, we have hardly ever had the misfortune to meet with in this country.

The substance and style of the book are each well worthy of attention, as they throw considerable light on several of the tendencies of modern light literature. As we have often had occasion to observe, singular results of various kinds have followed from the adoption on the part of novelists of the theory that it is their special function to promulgate general views of human life. As the qualities which enable people to write novels are entirely distinct from those which entitle their opinions to attention and respect, fiction affords an altogether unlimited field for the promulgation of all sorts of views which would never have a chance of acceptance upon other terms. Novels set vividly before us, and thereby try to persuade us to adopt, the view which men, women, and children of every conceivable character, and placed under all varieties of circumstances, take of the world in which they live; and these views are of course of every possible shade. That which *Sword and Gown* tends to illustrate belongs to a very peculiar and, fortunately for us all, to a very limited class of society. There are a certain number of persons who, having enough energy and talent to obtain a fair, though probably not a very considerable, share of the legitimate and authorized distinctions of life, prefer to employ their gifts upon the cultivation of amusements, and not unfrequently of vices, in which a little mental power goes a long way, because most of those who are addicted to them have no pretension to any very remarkable moral or intellectual endowments. Such persons easily and rapidly acquire a very singular sort of reputation—a reputation much like that which judges are apt to confer upon criminals who may have plundered or embezzled with rather less stupidity than is usually shown in those avocations. "The perverted ingenuity which your crimes have displayed," is the stereotyped phrase on such occasions, "would have insured you eminent success in any respectable calling;" and in precisely the same spirit the friends of any member of the class to which we refer are apt to say of him, "he might have done what he pleased if he had only chosen to try;" and such persons thus combine, at a very cheap rate indeed, the pleasures of idleness with a reputation for ability.

Sword and Gown is just the sort of book which a man would write who might wish, for any reason, to show the world how a person of this sort regarded it. Major Royston Keene, the hero, is a flattering and rather exaggerated portrait of the sort of per-

son whom we have attempted to describe. He is as strong and fierce as "knotted muscles" and a "vast chest" can make him. He can drink any kind and amount of liquor; no vicissitudes in play or in love can shake his nerves; the subalterns of his regiment tremble before him; and one of them takes him as a sort of tutelary divinity into his family, and, together with his wife, worships him with a helpless admiration which looks rather interesting in a novel, but which in real life would be simply imbecile. Placed on this eminence, Major Keene assumes the god, affects to nod, and both he and his biographer seem to think that he really does contrive to shake the spheres. He surveys all things with the serene Byronic contempt of a man who, having exhausted the delights and glories of life, begins to suffer under a dignified satiety. His friend timidly admires him because he sees nothing remarkable in Monte Rosa at sunset. His friend's wife observes, with that sort of reproachful submission with which an inferior in a novel insinuates reproof—"I suppose you would not sneer so at everything if you could help it. I am not wise enough to do so, but I don't envy you." Whereupon "Royston's hard cold face changed for an instant . . . all the sarcasm died out of his voice as he answered, slowly, 'Don't you envy me? You are right there. And you think you are not wise enough to be cynical? If there was any school to teach us how to turn our talents to the best account, I know which of us two would have most to learn.'" Modern Byronism would not be complete without such a touch of pseudo-penitence as this. It is a wonderful refinement of affectation to affect to be sorry for a brutality which is itself affected because it looks picturesque. These sardonies run through the whole book, and the effect of them is to insinuate constantly that there was some tremendous reserved fund of power about Major Keene which justified him in a contempt for ordinary mortals. This is one of the oldest, as it is one of the most effective and least honest, tricks of the trade of a novelist; and there are few which are so well calculated to mislead the inexperienced. It is the literary equivalent of the assumption of an air of heavy, quiet respectability by some swindler who wishes his dupes to infer the existence of an imaginary balance at his banker's from his unpretending manners, and the quiet solidity of his simple gold chain. The author does favour us with an insight into his hero's character, and a nastier exhibition can hardly be seen. It is a very grave moral offence to have brought it out and set it in order. The story is neither more nor less than an account of a malignant plot for the seduction of a perfectly pure and innocent lady by a married man, who conceals his marriage in order to carry out his scheme. Another seduction of a similar kind is hinted at in the earlier life of the hero, and supernatural machinery is introduced for the sake of dragging in this incident. When Keene is on the point of persuading Miss Tresilyan to elope with him, one Emily Carlyle (a sort of ghost), whom he had formerly served in the same way, appears in the middle of the night, like the unfortunate Miss Bailey, and claims the fulfilment of his promise to her on her deathbed, "to spare one" for her sake. Keene had bullied her too much when she was alive to care about her when she was dead ("had ruled that timid, trusting girl too long and too imperiously to quail before her disembodied spirit," is the romantic way of putting it); but though he was an unfeeling brute, he was rather shocked. "A glimmer of something like generosity and compassion flickered for a brief space over the surface of his cast-steel heart," and with a touching piety he observed, "By G—d, I'll go off to-morrow evening, and I'll tell Cecil so as soon as I can see her." What can a man be made of who thinks that this sensual coarseness and insensibility has anything grand about it? To be simply unfeeling shows no power of character. It merely proves that one half—and that by far the most important and manly half—of the character is palsied. A wretched girl who was hung some years ago for cutting her mistress's throat when she was asleep in bed, went up afterwards to look at the body. "I thought," she observed, "I should like to see how the old duchess looked." We recommend the author of *Sword and Gown* to work this proof of rude vigour into the character of the next hero with a cast-steel heart whom he may select for the subject of a novel.

The elaborate care with which Major Keene's victim is decked for her fate is a great aggravation of the fundamental corruption of the whole book. Except that rather too much nonsense of a melodramatic kind is employed in depicting the "bitter bad Tresilyans"—who, according to the story, had gone on committing murder and other offences in the "western shires" for several centuries before Miss Tresilyan made Major Keene's acquaintance—the portrait of the heroine is drawn with great skill; and, to do the author justice, there is not a single page of the book which is coarse or indecent in the sense in which certain passages of Fielding and Smollet deserve those epithets. But the general purport of it is far worse than that of *Tom Jones* or *Roderick Random*. The seduction of one woman and the deliberate cold-blooded attempt to seduce another are the most important transactions in the life of a man of whom little else is told, and who is not only depicted with sympathy and something like admiration, but invested with all the glitter and prestige of enormous strength, courage, and resolution. If we must drink dirty water, we had far rather have the dirt held in suspension than in solution, for the filter can remove the one, and its presence cannot be overlooked, but the other is hard to discover, and when

discovered it cannot be removed at all. Cut a dozen paragraphs out of *Tom Jones* and the book could harm no one; but *Sword and Gown* could only be made wholesome reading by the excision of the 311 pages which lie between the title and the advertisements. The author, indeed, is self-condemned. He will not work out his own story because the details would be so disgusting—fit only for those wicked French novels which he imitates as far as English tastes will allow him. After taking the trouble to bring Emily Carlyle out of her grave to give his book a little extra piquancy, he declines to say how she died. "You shall not read unnecessarily an episode of sin and bitter sorrow." After the whole story has gradually, though languidly, been brought to culminate in Cecil Tresilian's agreement to elope with her lover, the author, with a touching sense of decency observes—"As we are not writing a three-volume novel, we have a right perhaps not to linger over this part of our story. For any one who likes to indulge a somewhat morbid taste, or who happens to be keen about physiology, there is daily food sufficient in those romances *d'Outre mer*." "So we will not enter minutely into the details of poor Cecil's demoralization, gradual, but fearfully rapid"—a dreadful state of things described with a very skilful suggestiveness in the next two or three pages, and with one hint which certainly can only have been wrung out of such a modest and moral author by a severe sense of the duty of truth. "According to all rules for such cases laid down and provided, Cecil's life ought to have been passed in alternations between feverish excitement and poignant remorse; but the truth must be told, she was unaccountably happy." A bad tree is not made good by throwing away its rotten fruit, and the badness of a bad book cannot be more emphatically admitted than by the refusal of the author to work out the details which would complete his own outline.

One additional feature of the hero's character requires observation, on account of the singular light which it throws upon the general conception on which his character has been constructed. He is not only a seducer, and a man destitute alike of generosity and compassion, but is brutally cruel, and his cruelty appears to the author to be one of the points which may be expected to exist in the character of a man of great courage and resolution. Thus, when he has knocked down the drunken boor who insults his mistress, he kneels on his chest and proceeds to strangle him; and the author describes, with a sort of complacency intended to be grim, how his face wore the peculiar expression which, as he says, is appropriate to murderers. An earlier chapter contains an elaborate description of a cavalry charge on the Sikhs, in which the Major displays the same temper by getting drunk with the butcherly passion for shedding human blood. A viler characteristic it is impossible to conceive, and it is an insult to brave men to attempt to associate this disgusting propensity with true courage. However insensible to danger such a man might be, if he were as strong as Ajax and as brave as a bulldog, he would still be a miserable butcher totally unworthy of the sympathy or of the company of gentlemen and men of honour. Brutality and courage are unhappily not incompatible; but to strangle a man on the ground, and to delight in slaughter, is not usually, though it may be occasionally, the vice of brave men. Sir Charles Napier gave up sporting because he could not bear to hurt dumb creatures, and after the battle of Meeanee he wrote to tell his brother how glad he was that his own hand had shed no blood. We cannot think that a soldier can have written *Sword and Gown*. It looks far more like the work of a man who worships strength and courage with an ignorant idolatry, than like the work of a strong and brave man. Bloodshed may be, and often is, an awful duty. We are not amongst those who deny that Cromwell may have done well when he gave no quarter at Drogheda, or that the murderers and traitors who died in the Indian mutiny were righteously punished; but we do say that any man who lusts after human blood, or could perpetrate wholesale slaughter at all except at the call of the most urgent duty, must always be a brutal murderer, and will generally be a coward. This part of Major Keene's character recalls Nana Sahib much more than the men who stormed Delhi and defended Lucknow. We have no doubt that when the Nana gloated over the slaughter at Cawnpore, his face, like Major Keene's—as his "rigid lips twisted themselves into an evil sneer, and the cruel fingers tightened their gripe"—"bore an expression which has been very often seen in the sixty centuries that have passed since Cain struck his brother down." But we do not think that, when Major Hodson shot the Princes before Delhi, or when Sir William Peel brought his guns up to the embrasures of the Secunderbagh as he would have brought his ship alongside of the enemy, their faces wore that hellish expression.

The style of *Sword and Gown* is as curious as its substance. The author appears to be possessed by two opposite anxieties which never leave him for a moment. He is intensely desirous to prove that he is a sporting man, and equally desirous to show that he is a scholar; and the consequence is that he produces the most singular mixture of slang and classics that can be imagined. Every conceivable subject is looked at from one or the other of these points of view. One man spells better than another—"I could give him 21 lb. and a beating any day." Two ladies go out for a walk, and "no racing man could have seen the two without thinking of one of the flyers of the turf walking down by the side of the trainer's pony." When Mr.

Tennyson "settles to his stride, few of the cracks of the last century seem able to live with him." No one woman can monopolize all the devotion in the world—"It is a tolerably fair handicap on the whole; and even the second horse may land a very satisfactory stake." The classics come in almost as often as the turf, and the abundant proof which the book contains of a great deal of elegant and careful reading tempers with regret the indignation which its general tenor excites. Notwithstanding all its faults, it has great merits, and shows great power. Slight as the plot is, and languidly as it is conducted through the greater part of the book, each chapter abounds in brilliant and pointed description; and after making allowance for a great deal of slang, and not a little melodrama, it would be unfair to deny that few of our minor novelists can write so pointedly or say their say with so much literary skill. It is a great misfortune that so clever a man should have written so bad a book; and it is not a small misfortune that he should not have written in its place a very good one. If he had anything to say, few people could say it better.

MICHELET'S JOAN OF ARC.*

OF the many accounts which have been written of Joan of Arc, that contained in M. Michelet's History of France seems to be most popular on the other side of the Channel. Such at least is the inference which may be fairly drawn from the fact that it has been republished in a separate volume, and is to be found in most of the bookstands at the French railway-stations. It is, in fact, almost the only historical work which seems among our neighbours to enter into competition with the attractions of the long rows of novels. In this there may seem to be nothing very surprising. M. Michelet is a brilliant writer, and the story of Joan of Arc is one in which truth has been stranger than fiction. Besides this, it is natural that an episode in French history in which the English were fairly repulsed by a Frenchwoman should have especial charms for our susceptible neighbours. It might certainly, however, have been expected that, after so long a period, the tale should have been told fairly and dispassionately. The scholar in his library should forget the petty animosities of practical life, and learn to regard the events of former days with eyes unaffected by the prejudices of partisanship. To this height, however, M. Michelet cannot rise. He cannot forget that he is a Frenchman, and that he is describing a war between French and English. Every page, almost every line, is coloured with ultra-patriotic sentiment. The consequence is that, even where he does not actually misstate facts, he conveys a wrong impression. He exaggerates the share which the English bore in the death of Joan of Arc, and endeavours to conceal, or at least extenuate, that which the French had. To prove that his history is unfair in spirit it is only necessary to compare it with that given by another Frenchman, M. Martin. M. Martin shows that, without any pretence to M. Michelet's brilliant style, he can write history in a more truly historical spirit. He accepts the facts as they are given in the authorities for the period, and has sense enough to see that educated men should no longer discuss the events of the fifteenth century as if they were connected with the national rivalry of the present day.

The cruel end to which Joan of Arc was doomed is attributed by M. Michelet to the excessive pride of the English. They felt, he thinks, that if she was not publicly executed as a heretic, then the consecration of Charles must be held valid, and it must be assumed that Heaven had fairly decided against the English claims. That some such feeling as this influenced them in their animosity against their unfortunate captive is exceedingly probable; but it is false to represent it as the sole, or even the main, cause of her death. For the insinuation that the English army did not really think Joan was in league with the devil, and that it only used this pretence to cloak its selfish rage, there is no foundation. Joan herself constantly asserted that she heard voices and saw visions; and nothing was more natural in the fifteenth century than that such assertions should be believed, and the presumed facts interpreted on the theory of diabolic agency. M. Michelet seems throughout to treat the question as if he were discussing some recent event. There was nothing in the conduct of the English which was not perfectly natural at that period; and the assumption that the French were then incapable—while the English, it is to be feared, are still capable—of thus acting, is gratuitous and unreasonable. M. Michelet, however, is evidently pleased with his idea. He appends a long note to prove that the religion of the English is tainted with this abominable character of pride, and that, while the French faith is truly Christian, that of the English is sceptic, Judaic, Satanic. This notable doctrine is based upon an examination of the writings of Shakespeare, Milton, and Byron; and it is pitiable to observe how far a Frenchman of M. Michelet's learning and ability can suffer his vision to be distorted by national antipathy. "I do not remember," he says, "to have ever met with the name of God in Shakespeare; or, if it ever occurs, it is introduced without a shadow of religious feeling." To prove how groundless this statement is, it is sufficient to refer to the two most celebrated soli-

* *Jeanne d'Arc*. Par J. Michelet. Bibliothèque des Chemins de Fer. Paris. London: Jeffs.

loquies in Shakspeare—that of Hamlet and that of Wolsey; but it would be easy to collect numerous instances of grave allusions of the kind in question. When we are told that “the veritable hero of Milton is Satan,” we are compelled to suppose that M. Michelet has only read *Paradise Lost*, and has identified the poem with its author. Satan may be the veritable hero of *Paradise Lost*, but it is certainly rather hard upon Milton to announce that his veritable hero was Satan. The literary position of Lord Byron most Frenchmen overrate. In spite of the fact that he found England intolerable, and that he has long been regarded by a large number of his countrymen with a somewhat exaggerated abhorrence, Frenchmen persist in thinking that he is a sort of type of the English character. Nor can they be made to understand that, as a poet, he no longer stands in the first rank, and is comparatively little read except by the very young. Their illusion upon this subject, like that with regard to the political position of the Lord Mayor, will probably be dissipated by time; but at present one rarely takes up a French book which touches upon English character without finding some traces of it. M. Michelet concludes his observations upon this subject with a crushing statement which it is better to give in his own words:—“Les Indiens d’Amérique, qui ont souvent tant d’originalité et de pénétration, exprimaient cette distinction (i.e., between the French and English) à leur manière. Le Christ, disait l’un d’eux, c’était un Français que les Anglais crucifièrent à Londres: Ponce Pilate était un officier au service de la Grande Bretagne.”

It is not only, however, in vague declamations upon the pride of the English and the Satanic tendencies of their faith that the animus of M. Michelet’s work is revealed. It has coloured to a considerable extent his narration of events. In the first place, he drops as much as possible the fact that the war was not simply one between English and French, but was also one between two French factions. A twofold end is thus answered. He is able to describe with greater zest the triumphs of the Maid of Orleans, and he can enlarge with greater satisfaction upon the shameful treatment which she received. The fact is, however, that the hostility between the Burgundians and their opponents, though no longer so fierce as it had been a short time previously, was still as great as that which either faction felt for the English; and the notion that the war was exclusively one between French and English, though not uncommon, is altogether erroneous. Consistently with this false general view, M. Michelet constantly represents the Bishop of Beauvais as a mere creature of the English, and as actuated solely by motives of interest, though there is plenty of evidence to prove that he was, in fact, a man of resolute will, and guided by strong anti-Orleanist passions before he became connected with the proceedings in Joan of Arc’s case. In the second place, all the French names which appear in the prosecution are studiously kept in the background, while those of the Duke of Bedford, the Bishop of Winchester, and the Earl of Warwick are incessantly paraded before the reader, with comments upon their bloodthirsty disposition. Sometimes M. Michelet seems to be guilty of positive misrepresentation. It is well known that the first step in the proceedings was the letter which the University of Paris wrote to the Duke of Burgundy, demanding that the Maid of Orleans should be given up to be tried on a charge of heresy. This is so notorious that M. Michelet cannot shirk it. He is accordingly reduced to describe this letter as having been written at the instigation of the English. His words are, *on fit écrire*, the context showing that the word *on* refers to the English. For this assertion there appears to be no ground. Both Barante and Martin speak of the proceeding as voluntary and spontaneous on the part of the University. It is true that in the *Chronique et Procès de la Pucelle*, given in Buchon’s collection, the University is said to have been actuated by a desire to please the English; but it will not do to rest upon this defence, for it is also said that the Bishop of Beauvais accepted the offer of the University to write upon the subject. The question is not unimportant, for it is connected with the point at issue—viz., whether we are to regard the execution of Joan of Arc as resulting rather from English malice, or from religious bigotry. Both were, doubtless, at work; but while M. Michelet thinks that the latter was little more than a pretence, M. Martin holds it to have been the real moving cause throughout. There can be no question that the hierarchy did regard such pretensions as those advanced by the Maid of Orleans with the profoundest jealousy, and there seems to be no reasonable ground for assuming that the University and Inquisition were simply passive instruments of English revenge. It may be observed, in conclusion, that M. Michelet passes over as shortly as may be the neglect which Joan experienced at the hands of her own party. He is compelled to admit that Charles never made an effort to save her; and, lavishly as abuse is showered upon the English, this shameful desertion appears to him scarcely to deserve a comment. The truth is, that the story is disgraceful for all concerned in it, but that the attempt to concentrate the odium upon the English leaders must fail. There seems to be good reason to suppose that some of Joan’s bitterest enemies were to be found in the camp of Charles, and that her miserable end was the result of combined envy, superstition, and a desire of revenge. It is a tragic and memorable tale, but its connexion with the theology of Shakspeare, Milton, and Byron exists only in M. Michelet’s fancy.

MOSES WIMBLE.*

IN a humble way, this is a very funny book. It is an elaborate imitation of portions of Shakspeare and of *Tristram Shandy*. The author is a humorist, and has read the comic parts of Shakspeare and Sterne until he has caught the knack of reproducing the form which Shakspeare and Sterne employed, without exactly borrowing their words. He also appears to have a taste for music, and has composed hundreds of songs in imitation of Shakspeare, which he freely inserts in his story. In his preface, he tells us that it has been his aim to compose a book combining specimens of every kind of poetical and prosaic excellence; and at the beginnings of his chapters he sometimes gives a page containing an imitation of the serious parts of Shakspeare, which seem to be introduced as mere exertations to show that he could write them. But we freely confess that we skipped most of them. A reviewer is bound to read the greater part of the book he criticises; but there is a line, and sham tragedy falls on the wrong side of it. Apart from the literary effort of imitation, the story of *Moses Wimble* is a mere sketch of the kind of domestic life which Mr. Dickens has given us in *Boz’s Sketches*, and which Mr. Albert Smith has more fully depicted in his tales. It is principally composed of scenes of what we may venture to call Pentonville love-making. The steady gent and the comic gent go to a tea-party with the heroine; and immediately the comic gent begins to nudge the steady gent, and assures him that he is in love with the young lady, whom he has never before seen, and that the young lady is trying to catch him—which, before the evening is out, she very honestly confesses to be true. Then there are the usual farcical incidents of the hero popping out of laurels and other bushes on the heroine, and pretending to her papa that he is somebody else. These are evidently scenes borrowed more or less remotely from the real life with which the author is acquainted. But his high literary aims have led him to introduce a certain amount of lay-figures out of *Tristram Shandy*, such as a Corporal and an Uncle, who behave and talk as nearly like Corporal Trim and Uncle Toby as the author can manage. The whole of these curiously assorted characters converse in the language of Shakspeare’s clowns, and are ready at any moment to break into a comic song beginning “Heigho,” and free from any attempt to rhyme or scan. As we do not suppose that many of our readers are likely to read the book, we will give a short specimen of its contents:—

“Love men and despise evil,” continued my uncle.

“Again, most true: we are chips of Adam. ‘Tis a vile narrow knave indeed who spurns his brother because he is less wise, or less witty, or less fantastical; but I have heard men talk thus: as I see, so I say, and colour my discourse; I cannot be a hypocrite: I see vilely, and therefore speak vilely. Ergo, the world is vile because I see it so, or good, or most fantastical. And I did say to the fellow, Come, tell me—why is the world fantastic? why do you endeavour to teach me the world is fantastic, and nothing but fantastic? And he said, The world is odd: I see ‘tis odd—therefore I paint it odd; for as I see I paint. And I did reply—Ay, truly, thou art thine own satirist. And he did open his eyes, and gaze around.”

“‘Tis true,” rejoined my uncle; “as men see they paint.”

“And,” I said, “your man now with a dim mental eye will sometimes have a most cunning and dexterous hand, and do more than justice to his dim eye. And there are men with small understandings and sincere souls.”

“True,” said my uncle; “and, therefore, the man who would unfold the world should have such an eye—such an eye—dear me! And, my dear Moses, ‘tis nobler to pity than to scorn—to love than to hate. To be an excellent hater, what is it?”

“Why, to be less than a terrier dog—for you cannot kill a rat with hating.”

“True,” said my uncle; “very true—dear me!”

“Who loves truth and the greenwood tree
Cares nor for honours nor money.

“What is action? When men begin to act they outwit themselves—that is, when they act beyond their proper sphere.

“Heaven sends us food to eat,
And e’en mirth to be merry.

“But active men detest humility. Why, if I had said to Napoleon—Know’st thou what thou art doing? See you, says Napoleon, I am going to win that battle. What next? Note you, says Napoleon, there is another village some miles off, and there is another army. Note you, I am going to conquer that army. And I said—

“To be cool—to be desperate,
That is the thing:

and he clapped me on the shoulder, and called me wise knave.

“Every man’s brave—bravery’s nothing.
Never lose your self-possession. In moments
Unexpected, when little men are dumb,
Then comes out Napoleon.

“And he gave me a thousand francs and a colonel’s commission.”

“I think you know something about Napoleon,” said my uncle.

The man who wrote this must have got up his Shakspeare and Sterne well. It is the humble, hearty faith of the author in the value of his imitation, and in the wisdom which is to be acquired by putting obvious thoughts into the language of great authors, that interests us. He surveys his Pentonville world, and finds it transmuted into a grand philosophic romantic world, because he can think about it as he fancies great minds would have thought about it. The result is laughable, but it speaks to the sincerity of the author’s admiration of what is above him. The obvious remark is that the copy is not likely to resemble the original, however sincere may be the admiration of the imitator; and this remark would occur to almost every person who felt in-

* *The History of Moses Wimble*. Written by Himself. London: Skect. 1859.

clined to try to put Shakspearian thoughts on paper. But now and then an exceptional man is found whose delight in Shakspeare is so sincere, so unreflecting, and so overpowering that he cannot criticise himself and his imitation. He cannot distinguish between the original and the copy. The author of *Moses Wimble* assures us, over and over again, that his book is a most remarkable book, and he says this not because he is conceited, but because he really believes it. He honestly thinks his clowns are as good as Shakspeare's clowns, and his corporals and uncles as good as Sterne's. In some persons, to think this might be simple vanity; but in the author of *Moses Wimble* it strikes us as something different from vanity. It is the excess of delight in one or two favourite authors which absorbs him. He loses himself in his admiration, and nothing has any meaning or value for him unless he can first clothe it in the shape he loves.

As Shakspeare and Sterne are great authors, we feel a kind of sympathy for any one who admires them profoundly, although in a curiously irrational way. Still, we must own that the book is not in the least worth reading. It does not therefore follow that it is not worth criticising. For a book which exhibits in an exaggerated form characteristics that mark a whole class of books, or which suggests remarks that apply widely, may be worth criticising, though not worth reading. It appears to us that there are one or two such remarks which *Moses Wimble* suggests. In the first place, it exemplifies in a striking way the relation which young writers often occupy to the general public. Nothing is more common than to find a young writer copying some well-known author—reproducing his thoughts, borrowing his language, and yet seeming possessed with a notion both that he is original because he chooses a slightly different subject, and also that he is in some way raised immeasurably above those who do not undertake the same kind of imitation. It is the young writers who cry out on the hollowness, the stupidity, and the meanness of the times they live in, and the men they live among. The fact is that they lose themselves in their admiration for some favourite teacher. They do not distinguish between their master and themselves. They know what he teaches, and they do not realize that it is only from second-hand knowledge they assert the world to be full of "shams" and "windbags." The general public, and especially the critical public, draw the distinction which, except to the young author, seems so obvious. They say this is not the expression of thought, but merely the vent for overflowing admiration. Thereupon the young author gets angry—very often not because he is personally wounded or disappointed, but because criticism on him seems not only adverse criticism on his master, but adverse criticism of a kind to show that the critic is without power to enter into, or to respect or to admire, the beauty and the wisdom of writings which the young author knows have awakened in him such vivid emotions. It is only fair to young authors to acknowledge that their self-confidence, impatience, and petulance often spring from a nobler source than that of babyish conceit.

Then, again, *Moses Wimble* is a conspicuous instance of imitation at a time when imitations abound on every side. If we take up any magazine or miscellany, we are sure to come on pages of the most obvious imitations of Mr. Tennyson, while the tales are imitations of Mr. Kingsley, or else of Miss Yonge. In poetry especially, the flood of metrical composition absolutely unmeaning and unimportant in itself, but inspired by the works of some considerable writer, never ceases. The publication of those largely-printed, nicely-bound little volumes, exactly like *Maud* or the *Princess* on the outside, goes on without a check. Inside, a hundred tiny events in the author's career are found to be chronicled in poems of four or five stanzas, carved after the pattern of *In Memoriam*, or of some of the short pieces in Mr. Tennyson's earlier volumes. The writer has done exactly what the author of *Moses Wimble* has done, only that *Moses Wimble* shows a greater acquaintance with the humorists he imitates. The writer of *Moses Wimble* has proved himself able to put a history of a Pentonville courtship into the language of Shakspeare's clowns, just as some scholars have been able to turn a column of advertisements into Aristophanic iambics. This indicates deeper attention to the originals than is common; but most writers of poetry have learnt something of the trick of language peculiar to their idol, and are able to clothe the common emotions of the human mind in words which, at least to the writers themselves, seem such as the idol himself might have selected. Then are these imitations worth publishing? We think that possibly they may be. We suppose that in most cases the writers take the risk on themselves, and so there is no loss to publisher or printer, and to some small extent the publications do good to trade. It is true that the paper is wasted, but so generally are the colours and brushes used by amateurs in sketching. This is, we are inclined to believe, the real parallel to the publication of small volumes of poems. To publish the poem when written is exactly like showing the sketch when done. The poet would not give form and some slight precision to his feelings, unless he were cheered with the thought that he would ultimately see his verses in print; and the amateur would often not think it worth while to sketch, unless there were some one to look at the sketch when done. Parents may prudently and justifiably cheer on a child to persevere in drawing, not because the child draws well, but because drawing is an innocent occupation, partly pursued in the open air, and tending to recal asso-

ciations and to give acquaintance with the face of nature. So the public, without exactly reading or buying the works of imitative poets, may look with kind indulgence on the appearance of these pretty little volumes, not because the poems are worth anything, but because writing such poetry calls forth feeling, and makes the imitators acquainted with minds greater than their own. What is most to be insisted on is, that the writer imitated should be really worth studying and loving; and the author of *Moses Wimble* deserves credit, not only for his zealous appreciation of Shakspeare and Sterne, but also because, in imitating great humorists, he turned to Shakspeare and Sterne as worthy of imitation.

JAMES'S NAVAL HISTORY.*

THIS history has now reached the point at which France gave place to the United States as the Power whose hostility was most formidable to England upon the sea. It is as far as possible from our wish to re-open in an angry spirit the discussion which arose out of the events recorded in the volume now before us. But the lessons to be derived from a thoughtful study of Mr. James's narrative are much too important to be neglected at a time when everything which concerns the efficiency of the British navy is of the deepest interest. To much that we have to say, too, the most sensitive and jealous patriotism of America would give a cordial assent; and if we venture to point out very plainly what the United States did and did not do in the last war with England, we think that the right understanding of these matters will not tend to impair the durability of that peace which every true son of either country must wish to preserve inviolate.

Undoubtedly the successes of the American navy against this country in the war which broke out in 1812 produced on the public mind of Europe an effect which continues to our own day. No feat that our good cousins across the Ocean perform, either in peace or war, is allowed to remain unimproved for want of talking about it, and probably so much credit was never got before out of the same amount of luck, skill, and prowess. In the first place, the enemy over whom they triumphed had achieved such a magnificent reputation. It was then the nineteenth year of almost uninterrupted war with France. At various times Spain, Holland, Denmark, Russia, and Sweden had lent their fleets and ports to aid the designs of her persevering enemy. And now, in the chief military harbour of France, Brest, there remained nothing worthy to be called a fleet. In Toulon there were still many fine ships manned by gallant crews, but even Napoleon had grown weary of provoking a hopeless contest. Few and far between were the demonstrations which relieved the tedious monotony of the duties of the blockading fleet. In the Scheldt, Napoleon also possessed a fleet of fine new ships, but the loyalty of the seamen to the French Empire could not be implicitly relied on. All over the world the supremacy of the British flag was undisputed save by small flying squadrons, or single vessels, or privateers. The colonies of France fell one after another before her rival's arms, and in the encounters of frigates and smaller vessels it had come to be regarded as almost of course that a British ship not greatly inferior to her enemy would prove victorious. Surely it was a bold act when the United States, possessing about ten frigates, ventured to declare war against a Power whose navy numbered 125 line-of-battle ships and employed 140,000 seamen. And surely also it was a rare sagacity which could discern and assail the weakest points in this array of enormous strength, and could contrive, in repeated combats of single ships, to humble that proud flag which Europe regarded as invincible. Every student of history must admire that keen insight of the Americans into the causes of success at sea which enabled them to make the most profitable investment in naval glory which the world has ever seen. And the reverses which were suffered by the blind confidence of the British furnish a lesson which should never be forgotten either at the Admiralty or on board ship.

One fact to which Mr. James gives prominence is, that as the result of a war of nearly twenty years, the practice of naval gunnery had come to be very generally neglected. Indeed, the regulations as to the supply of ammunition on board fighting ships were such that no captain could find the means of properly training his crew unless he managed to evade them. Unskilful gunners might fire three shots in action where one duly aimed would have done the work; and this expense was ungrudgingly allowed. But it was long before our authorities perceived that it would be true economy to ensure precision being attained before engaging, by the liberal use of powder and ball in practice. But if our ships often fired badly, the French and Spaniards fired worse. It would be a curious inquiry to contrast the enormous amount of ammunition used in these wars with the effects produced by its expenditure. But still it must not be supposed that there was any random firing on board of the ships which carried the flags of Nelson and of Collingwood. And Sir Edward Pellew, who had succeeded Lord Collingwood in the Mediterranean, had brought gunnery on board his fleet to a perfection which is unquestionable, although the enemy whom he watched gave him little opportunity of displaying it. In general, however, the British navy, in the year 1812, excelled rather in seamanship than

* *The Naval History of Great Britain, from the Declaration of War by France in 1793 to the Accession of George IV.* By William James. In 6 vols. Vol. V. London: Bentley. 1859.

in gunnery. The ships were constantly at sea, and the hostility of the winds and waves had not, like that of France, become less formidable through twenty years of warfare. One of the most memorable exploits of the year 1812 was the preservation, in apparently hopeless circumstances, of the seventy-four gun-ship *Magnificent*, by the skill of Captain John Hayes in a storm in Basque Road. A more beautiful example of judgment and intrepidity was never seen at sea, and such were almost the only triumphs which then remained to be won in European waters. The Americans, on the other hand, owed much of their success to proceeding upon the notion that a ship's crew should be trained to the highest attainable perfection in the use of the weapons with which they may be called upon to fight. Thus, being themselves skilful, and having also the good luck on several occasions to fall in with British crews below the average of efficiency, they contrived to handle their artillery so as to make a very great noise in Europe. It must be remembered that the Americans were all picked crews. For manning their few frigates and sloops they had the run of all their own commercial navy, and also drew pretty largely upon the fleet of the nation with which they were meditating war. It is an undoubted fact that a large portion of the best seamen on board all these famous ships were British by birth and education. The pecuniary inducements to enter the American service were very great, because no expense was spared in rendering the few ships which the United States possessed as efficient as they possibly could be made. And this system was as successful as had been hoped. It is, however, obvious, that if an attempt were made beyond the Atlantic to construct a fleet which could cope with those of Europe, a lower standard of perfection in equipment and crew must be adopted, and thus one element in the success of the United States in naval warfare would disappear.

War was declared by the United States against this country on the 18th of June, 1812, and before the end of that year three British frigates had been captured in single combat by American vessels, which, being called "forty-four gun frigates," were very generally supposed to be of about equal force. Now we shall give a few details to prove that the ships which conquered in these boasted actions might, with little exaggeration, be called line-of-battle ships in disguise. Indeed, their superiority of force was such that, had it been understood, no reasonable person would have expected any result from these actions different from what actually occurred. In the year 1794 the Government of the United States had ordered the construction of two seventy-four gun ships. It was afterwards resolved that these vessels should be finished as frigates. Their construction thus became as costly as any of the extravagant operations of our own dockyards, but never perhaps was money spent to more advantage. The explanation given to Congress of the reasons for this enormous outlay would, if it had been made public, have gone far to mitigate the admiration with which the world regarded the first exploits of the new candidates for naval glory. "Due reference being had to the ships they might have to contend with, it was deemed proper to so alter their dimensions, without changing their rates, as to extend their sphere of utility as much as possible." This is as much as to say that their denomination was intended not to indicate but to conceal their strength. "It was expected, from this alteration, that they would possess in an eminent degree the advantage of sailing"—an expectation which was well fulfilled. "Separately they would be superior to any single European frigate of the usual dimensions," which was exactly what the British found them. "If assailed by numbers, they would be always able to lead ahead. They could never be obliged to go into action but on their own terms, except in a calm; and in heavy weather they would be capable of engaging double-decked ships." Of the "leading ahead" of these famous frigates, Mr. James has preserved several examples; but although it is undoubtedly true that the smaller British line-of-battle ships could not use their lower-deck ports with any effect in a heavy sea, we do not find that the discreet valour of the American Commodores ever ventured upon the hazardous experiment of "engaging double-decked ships." It is true that on more than one occasion they supposed themselves to have performed this feat, but the log-books of the British ships actually engaged prove that these were optical illusions.

At the outbreak of the war, the Americans owned the two heavy frigates whose origin we have above described, and another which, having been designed from the first for a frigate, was a more elegant and faster vessel, but not quite so stout as the other two. They were all three built and fitted with the most scrutinizing care, and under the immediate eye of officers who expected to command them. The lightest of the three only wanted four feet of breadth to make her a larger ship than the generality of British seventy-fours, and her yards were as square, and her masts as stout as theirs. In point of scantling she was equal to a British seventy-four of the largest class. This matter of the stoutness of the vessel's sides is of the first importance, and when once it is understood, no surprise will be felt at finding that the battery of an ordinary frigate produced no sensible effect upon her. The armament of these frigates was thirty-two long 24-pounders and twenty-four 42-pounder carronades, total fifty-six guns. The frigates which they captured carried 18-pounder long guns and 32-pounder carronades, and mounted in all forty-eight guns. If we say that in all respects the force of the British was to the Americans as two to three, we

shall be understating the disparity. As regards the stoutness of the sides and masts, the comparison of a line-of-battle ship to a frigate is the only one that conveys a notion of the truth. The course of all the three actions was the same. The British frigates were dismasted, and thus rolled unmanageably. They could neither work round so as to bring their guns to bear, nor, if they had, could they have steadied themselves sufficiently to fire with any effect. Nor must it be forgotten that the Americans, as we have shown, were picked crews, by which we mean that they had no landsmen on board, and few ordinary, but almost all able seamen; whereas in two out of the three actions, the British ships happened, from circumstances sometimes inevitable in a vast and perhaps injudiciously expanded navy, to be far below the average of efficiency. All these facts, of course, came somewhat late to the knowledge of the British Admiralty. Measures, not very happily conceived, were thereupon taken to oppose to the American frigates single ships of equal or superior force. But the blow, well contrived and deliberately prepared, had been struck once to good effect, and the Government of the United States was too wary to attempt a repetition of it. After the end of 1812 the American frigates, except in one memorable instance, avoided action. It was no part of their instructions to engage an enemy's ship of equal force, unless, from length of service on an unhealthy station, or from total inexperience, or some other cause, they knew that either ship or crew, or both, promised them an easy bargain.

Now, we allow to the Americans the highest credit for the large measure of success which they achieved with very small materials. Still the sentiment which their victories inspire in those who have suffered by their skilful choice of opportunity partakes but slightly of admiration. There is none of that uncalculating ardour which has caused the defeats as well as the triumphs of the British arms. Very likely the Americans regard that quality with contempt. But an army or navy which never attacks unless it is sure to win may lose little, but certainly will not gain much. For example, we should feel very small apprehension of the conquest of Canada by the United States. A war of conquest demands qualities which, we must take leave to say, the Americans have not yet shown. There was a curious illustration of their military character during that advance by the British upon New Orleans which ended in such a disastrous repulse. A part of the invading force, exhausted by a difficult march, had halted at nightfall on the bank of some lake or river. The Americans most judiciously brought a vessel carrying guns well charged with grape-shot so as to command the flank of the sleeping British. The crew of the vessel incurred the smallest possible amount of danger, and they had the opportunity of inflicting a very severe loss. When all was ready to open fire, a voice was heard in the stillness of the night, exclaiming, "Give them this for the honour of America." Now, soldiers of every country take life when duty bids them without compunction; but surely a noble profession has much degenerated if it is thought that "honour" is to be gained by "potting" an enemy, however formidable, at a moment when he can offer no resistance. If rash officers or ill-appointed forces assail such a cool, calculating foe, they will give him an opportunity of which he will make the very best use. This the British proved on many occasions in the last war; but they also proved that, if their own movements had been governed by reasonable prudence, they had nothing serious to apprehend either by sea or land from the cautious commanders of the forces of the United States.

But if we think that American hostility would not in itself be very terrible, there are some attendant considerations which may well cause disquietude. We do not fear foreign skill, but we do fear the ineptitude of our own authorities. It is the Admiralty and the Horse Guards that imperil British fame and power, and not the possible hostility either of the Old or the New World. We can, of course, only draw our lessons for the future from the past, and that may well inspire us with alarm. It need not be said that the successes of the American frigates caused a mighty bustle in the British dockyards. In those days the most distant suggestion of economy in shipbuilding had not been heard. Indeed, any money that could have purchased frigates really equal to the enemy's would have been well spent. But although our authorities did a great deal, they did not do the right thing. They cut down three line-of-battle ships, and thus produced what they chose to call frigates, but what were really flush two-decked ships. These vessels were considerably an overmatch in armament for the American frigates, but did not equal them in speed, so that they could not catch the wary foe, and it was very certain that he would not try to catch them. Great pains were taken to man these ships efficiently. The command of one of them would have been given to Captain Lord Cochrane, but just at this time he was expelled from the service of which he was so bright an ornament upon a disgraceful charge, which years afterwards was disproved. Another of these ships was commanded by Captain John Hayes, of whose skill we have already spoken. We may safely say that neither Lord Cochrane nor Captain Hayes had the least chance of bringing an American commander to action with a superior force. Several frigates were also hastily constructed which in tonnage and weight of metal approached, but did not equal, the Americans. But these ships were built of fir, and with very slight scantling, so that had

the enemy mustered resolution to try conclusions with one of these professedly equal ships, he would almost inevitably have added another to the list of his naval triumphs. And these and other blunders were committed by our Admiralty, although they had the opportunity of consulting officers who, from dearly-bought experience, could tell exactly what was wanted.

What we have most to apprehend is that official sluggishness which retards the course of real improvement. The Americans, on the other hand, are quick in seizing new ideas, and they have none of that reverence for tradition which, although by no means an unmixed evil, is peculiarly mischievous in ship-building. It must be owned, however, that the lesson which they gave us in the last war does not seem likely to be forgotten by our Government. If the Americans were to begin building balloons for warlike purposes, balloons, we do not doubt, would be forthcoming in our own arsenals. But Transatlantic ingenuity cannot be too well watched, and if proper precautions are in good time taken, American hostility can never become dangerous. We do not say this for the sake of idle boasting, but because threats are sometimes heard from beyond the Ocean, and it is important for us to ascertain exactly what their value is. We cheerfully admit the claim of the United States to rank as a formidable naval power, not on account of what their ships either have done, or may hereafter do, but because they possess the only sure foundation of such power—a large and enterprising commercial navy. We further consider it as beyond dispute that in the actions of 1812 the American frigates were more skilfully handled and fought than they would have been if manned by Frenchmen. But here occurs an essential qualification of the praise which on this account belongs to them. It is proved, beyond all doubt, that many of the petty officers and most skilful seamen, and at least one-third of the entire crews, of those ships were British. The very guns which dismasted the *Macedonian* were named "Victory" and "Nelson," in memory of the service which those who worked them had abandoned. But we are not going to take high moral ground with Jack. Most of these traitors, as in the eye of the law they were, had been lured into the American service by very tempting offers before the war began, and every kind of obstacle was cunningly offered to their quitting it. On board of their own country's ships, too, there prevailed a habit of hanging deserters with very little discrimination. It is hard to blame a man for preferring the chance of being shot to the certainty of being hanged. But we cannot acquit the American officers of using most dishonourable means to corrupt the fidelity and imperil the necks of British seamen. The fact that these attempts were made on every opportunity, both before and after the war commenced, is much more important than a statement of the exact number of native Americans and foreigners on board of the *United States* or the *Constitution*, which may be always open to dispute. We know from the acts of the American officers what they considered necessary to gain a character for their flag. The men they tricked, or tempted, fought well for them, but not so well, we think, as they would have fought on the other side. Conscience may allow a sail to be trimmed or a gun pointed handily, but when man meets man in boarding, guilt is apt to weigh down the arm. It is well known that in all their actions the Americans carefully avoided closing, unless they had a great superiority. They preferred a game at long-bowls, for which they knew they had both skill and strength. For their skill they are entitled to high praise, but the cunning by which they gained a preponderance of force may be to careless adversaries a dangerous, but can scarcely be called an heroic quality.

M. L'ABBÉ MULLOIS AND THE PAPACY.*

THE last few months have been fruitful in omens that the unholy alliance between a Christian prelate and a dynasty of military despots is drawing to its close. Of all the monstrous compacts for the sake of a momentary object between parties whose principles are fundamentally opposed, history records none so degrading, or so deliberately unprincipled, as this. Jacobins have joined with Chouans, Jacobites have made common cause with Cameronians, to gratify the moment's hatred of some moderate intermediary; but it was in the hour of defeat and under the pressure of desperate necessity. There was no excitement of conflict or imminent danger to excuse the Church of France when it hastened to lay its fulsome flatteries at the feet of the successful usurper who professed to represent the hated principles of 1789, and whose throne really rested on the memory of a military career which is associated in the mind of every zealous Roman Catholic with the deepest humiliation his Church has suffered since it first rose to temporal power. It was a calculation of the coldest political and pecuniary interest. To cramp the play of human thought was a condition of the existence of both; and the unity of present aims amply outweighed mere antipathies of conviction, or sentimental memories of the past. So long as their combined action was confined to domestic politics, no indiscreet enthusiasm of partisanship was allowed to disturb the harmony of the alliance. The Emperor was very willing to build churches in which the clergy might preach submissiveness, and the clergy were nothing loth to encourage the practice of a virtue on which, upon their own account, they were wont

to make such extensive demands. But the temporal power of the Papacy appears to be the rock on which Napoleonic reputations for piety are fated to be wrecked. Ever since the Italian question showed itself above the political horizon, clerical loyalty has become, if not cool, at least staid and sober. With the progress of events, the divergence between the old allies has become more and more strongly marked, until it has found expression in acts of unmistakeable hostility. On the one hand, if the Roman Catholics both in France and England are to be believed, it was neither the autograph letter from St. Petersburg, nor the mobilization of the Prussian Landwehr, that winged the Emperor's steps with such sudden haste to the breakfast-room at Villafranca to sue for peace from his defeated foe. The really prevailing motive, it is stoutly affirmed, was the receipt of a threat of instant excommunication from the Pope. Most persons, unless they have an interest in the belief, will laugh at the idea that this worn-out and rusty weapon can have really cut the knot of the Italian difficulty; but it is not impossible that the threat may have been made, and may have been sufficiently inconvenient to produce considerable irritation. At least the ominous warning to the *Univers*, which stamps the breach between the old allies with official recognition, shows that the priests have somehow succeeded in irritating their impassive patron. How soon the breach will ripen into open war no political prophet can predict. Between antagonists so wily and so self-controlled, hatred may slumber for many years without ever bursting forth to break up the thin surface of seeming peace. But that the Church of Rome will, like the other elements of French society, permanently accept the servile position which the Emperor is assigning to her, no one who knows her history can believe.

In the meantime, it is interesting to watch the attitude of those among the clergy who are known as devoted partisans of the Emperor. Their position is a delicate one, for the events of any hour may force them to choose between their two allegiances; but for the present they content themselves with abusing M. About, and trying to persuade the world and themselves that France and Rome are indissolubly bound together. The Abbé Mullois, at once principal Chaplain of the Emperor and a prominent leader in the Ultramontane revival, may be taken as a fair type of the class. The book before us is a little threepenny volume, written for the lowest class, and evidently intended for no higher circulation. Both the style and the facts are well selected for the circle of readers the good father has in view. The style is of that pious-genial type, verging on vulgarity, into which fervent religionists are apt to be betrayed when they think it their duty to come down from the heights of austere contemplation, and condescend to the world's weaknesses by the display of a little Christian cheerfulness. In England we know it principally in connexion with missionary meetings and T. P. tea-parties, and, in a somewhat more elevated form, in the dramatic oratory of Mr. Spurgeon. It principally consists in the maintenance of a tone of endearing familiarity, which gives the reader the idea that the author is mentally slapping him on the back, and calling him a dear old creature. The beginning of the book will serve as a specimen, though a specimen gives a scanty notion of a general tone which is pretty constantly maintained. The Abbé, like a less august performer, leads off with a genial "Here we are:"—

Me voilà retrouvé, mes chers amis: il y a si long-temps que je n'ai causé cœur à cœur avec vous; je m'en ennuyais beaucoup; je vous envoie un petit souvenir de Rome, un livre. Vous ne pouvez visiter Rome; vous avez autre chose à faire et d'autres manières de placer votre argent; il est vrai que l'on a écrit pas mal de gros livres sur la ville éternelle, mais vous n'avez ni le temps de les lire ni le moyen de les acheter. Voici donc encore un petit livre pas gros et pas cher, écrit uniquement à votre intention; je suis venu à Rome en grande partie pour vous, je veux que désormais chacun puisse faire son petit voyage à Rome au coin de son feu ou sous son poirier. . . . Puis savez-vous que le St. Père aime beaucoup les Français? je crois qu'il a un petit faible pour nous. Allez, il nous connaît bien; il sait nos bonnes qualités et aussi nos malices, ça ne l'empêche pas de nous aimer. Que serait-ce donc si nous étions meilleurs! Il faut le devenir pour mériter pleinement sa bonne affection.

"Oh! si la France savait, si la France voulait!" disait-il un jour. "C'est le plus beau bijou de mon tiare!" Mais ceci entre nous, cher lecteur, il ne faut pas que les autres nations l'apprennent; vous savez la jalousie.

And so on through the whole book. It is very difficult, in reading it, to shake oneself free of the idea that Mr. Pecksniff has turned Roman Catholic, and is patronizingly conversing with Mr. Pinch. It is comforting, however, to think that even an astute Roman priest is not above the blunder of lecturing the working classes as if they were in the nursery, which is so painfully characteristic of our own philanthropists and sociologists. And the facts of M. Mullois' book are not much more flattering to the intelligence of his readers than the style. It is obviously intended as an answer to M. About, who is repeatedly glanced at. Considered in that light, it is a curious revelation of what an enlightened defender of the Papacy considers to be a sufficient answer to M. About's charges, and an adequate *raison d'être* for the temporal power of the Pope. M. About's sarcasms were mainly directed against the half-grotesque, half-hideous misgovernment of which the Roman States have been for many years the scene. He attacked the priestly rulers for their finance, their police, their political economy, their administration of justice, the spirit which their political education had engendered among the people. These terrestrial trifles M. Mullois disposes of in a few lines with a string of apologies whose principal force lies in their strange audacity. The government of priests is inevitable, he says, in the Roman States,

* *Le St. Père et Rome.* Par M. L'Abbé Mullois, Chapelain de l'Empereur. Paris: Jossé. London: Jeffs. 1859.

because the people are so fond of it that when on some occasions the priests have been replaced by laymen, the people have besieged the Pope with petitions to have the priests restored. The taxation cannot be oppressive, inasmuch as the taxes are only a third per head as heavy as those of England. Whether the burden of English taxes may be in any degree alleviated by the possession of money with which to pay them, it does not occur to him to inquire. With the same acuteness of argument, he observes that it is impossible to cultivate the Campagna, because it would produce a fever to disturb the ground. Somehow or other that impossibility seems to have been overcome two thousand years ago by a people who were wise enough not to trust their flames with the Government of the country. His naïveté is quite winning when he comes to the question of the luxury of the Cardinals, and says that it is impossible for them to be luxurious, inasmuch as they have only a legal allowance of 400*l.* a year. On the same principle, it is impossible for any Turkish Pasha to grow rich. Very likely many of the Cardinals who take part in the government of the Papal States are the most pure and ascetic of men, but our confidence in their virtue would be augmented by the knowledge that it was possible for any disinterested person to examine the Treasury accounts. But the Abbé condescends to waste very few lines on these earthly matters. His principal ground for justifying the Pope under the attacks which have been directed against his temporal government is that he is very charitable, very zealous, and very devout. The greater part of the book is devoted to a eulogium of the religious graces of the Holy Father. His daily life is minutely described, hour by hour; his personal habits are carefully detailed; all his visits to charitable institutions are unctuously dwelt upon; and a great deal is made of the fact that (being in Italy) he has no carpet to his room, that he makes his lemonade of no richer ingredients than lemons, sugar, and water, and that he dines for little more than five francs a day. Probably M. Mullois has not overstated the religious virtues of Pio Nono, though his mode of illustrating them smells of the convent. But religious virtues alone are a sorry qualification for the government of a people. The opponents of the Pope's temporal power will wish for no better argument on their side than the admission that the only defence which can be urged in behalf of that Power is that its depositaries are graced by certain Christian virtues which are quite compatible with the most utter ignorance of men and the most perfect incapacity for the management of affairs.

But the most curious part of the book is that in which the author touches upon the delicate subject of the French occupation. The Abbé is apparently a great admirer of the French soldiery, whom he maunders over very much in the tone of an old nurse talking about her dear young gentlemen. But he throws a light upon the character of French soldiers which, to us at least, is absolutely new. Our idea of a French grenadier had always been that he was brave, obedient, and indomitably patriotic, but that, if he had a weak point, it was on the side of religion—that his life was scarcely more regular than that of our own brave heroes whose yearly campaigns in London are the dread of steady householders—that he was rather given to laugh at mysteries, and loved dearly to play off a practical joke upon a priest. But the Abbé Mullois has taught us that, with respect at least to the army of occupation, we might almost as innocently have scoffed at a prophet or spoken lightly of a saint. So far are they from being profane mockers, that at every step of the history of the Holy Father's sorrows and successes the effect is always heightened by the picture of an officer who goes into ecstasies, or a regiment of Zouaves who burst into tears. Generals join in the holy lachrymation—colonels spend hundreds of francs in filling their pockets with chaplets, that when the Pope blesses the army those chaplets may also be blessed—young lieutenants buy new gloves to be kept as sacred relics after they have used them to touch the Pope's hand—and common soldiers declare that the benediction of the Holy Father will a thousand times overpay them for all their toil, all their wounds, all their blood spilt beneath the walls of Rome. And, as to the character of which all this enthusiasm is, of course, only the outward symbol:—"Qu'ils sont bons," disait l'autre jour un cardinal à un personnage Français de la plus éminente piété, "qu'ils sont bons, vos Français! s'ils restent ils finiront par convertir tous nos Romains!"

These sudden conversions are strange and dangerous things. If the Emperor does not make haste to check this unwonted and unlooked-for growth of military zeal, we shall soon hear of Turcos and Zouaves taking the cross to fight the infidel, and of a new *Gerusalemme Liberata* from the pen of M. Edmond About. But in their new fervour these military proselytes have not been contented with the present and the past—they have not been able to refrain from musing on what their conduct ought to be for the future under hypothetical circumstances of temptation. The following is given as a quotation out of a letter written from Rome. If the Emperor Napoleon cannot take a hint, of course it is no fault of his principal chaplain. The italics, of course, are ours:—

La semaine passée, j'en accompagnai plusieurs dont le régiment partait pour la France. En face de l'église de St. Pierre, ils s'arrêtèrent un moment pour la contempler une fois de plus, et s'écrièrent, "Saints Apôtres, que de grâces vous nous avez obtenues! c'est à vous que nous devons la grâce et les bénédictions de Dieu que nous emportons." Arrivés à la porte de la ville, ils se disaient entre eux: "Mon Dieu, mon Dieu,

dans quel état sommes-nous entrés dans cette ville, et dans quel état en sortons-nous!" Puis, montrant de la main les lieux de leur campement pendant le siège, ils disaient à moi-même: "Voilà les champs où nous avons tant blasphémé contre Dieu, contre le Pape, et contre l'Eglise: et maintenant nous le bénissons le bon Dieu, nous prions pour le Pape; nous voulons vivre et mourir pour l'Eglise. Oui, nous retournons en France: mais si jamais, les temps devenant plus mauvais, on voulait nous y commander quelque chose contre la religion ou contre la conscience, nous refuserions d'obéir: nous jetterions bas les armes et nous leur dirions: nous ne voulons pas le faire. On nous fusillerait alors: et bien! tant mieux. Oh! la belle mort que de mourir pour Dieu, comme ces martyrs des catacombes!"

What is the meaning of this strange language from a pen so bound to obsequious respect? Is it the mere blindness of an over-drilled mind, whose sense of truth has been so warped by the despotism of a resolute, unquestioning faith, that it can no longer distinguish the broadest fable from a fact? Or do the priests imagine they can frighten the Emperor with threats in which they do not themselves believe? Or has the marvellous growth of religion in France during these later years, running for the most part into the extremest forms of Romanism, really furnished them with weapons by which, though not exactly through the instrumentality of devout bayonets, they hope to defend the abuses of Rome even against the Emperor Napoleon? One thing seems certain—that if he is minded, "for the sake of an idea," to quarrel with the Pope, his principal chaplain has no inclination to be bottle-holder.

NOTICE.

The publication of the "SATURDAY REVIEW" takes place on Saturday mornings, in time for the early trains, and copies may be obtained in the Country, through any News-Agent on the day of publication.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—CHRYSANTHEMUM SHOW.—THE SECOND GRAND EXHIBITION OF CHRYSANTHEMUMS AND POMPONES will be held on WEDNESDAY NEXT, November 9th (Birthday of the Prince of Wales), THURSDAY the 10th (Schiller's Centenary Festival), and on FRIDAY the 11th. Doors open on Wednesday at twelve o'clock, admission Half-a-Crown; on Thursday and Friday at ten o'clock, admission One Shilling. Season Tickets, 10*s.* 6*d.* each, free to this show, and till April 30th, 1860.

MR. ALBERT SMITH'S CHINA IS NOW OPEN every night (but Saturday) at Eight o'clock, and Tuesday and Saturday Afternoons at Three o'clock.—Stalls, 3*s.*, which can be taken at the Box Office, Egyptian Hall, daily, from Eleven till Six; Area, 2*s.*; Gallery, 1*s.*

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MESSRS. PAUL and DOMINIC COLNAGHI and CO., 13 and 14, Pall-mall East, Printers and Publishers to Her Majesty the Queen, beg to announce that by Her Majesty's gracious permission they are now publishing a PORTRAIT of HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES, engraved by Mr. FRANCIS HOLL, from the Drawing by Mr. GEORGE RICHMOND. Artist's Proofs, 4*s.* 3*s.*; Proofs with Autographs, 4*s.* 2*s.*; Prints, 4*s.* 1*s.*

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—1, Cadogan-gardens, Sloane-street, S.W.; 2, 2*s.*, Somerset-street, Portman-square, W.; 3, Forchester House, Forchester-terrace, W.; will RE-OPEN on the 14th of NOVEMBER (24th year).—French, History, Geography, Astronomy, English, German, Italian, Drawing and Painting, Piano and Singing, Writing and Arithmetic, Dancing and Deportment. Applications to be addressed to Mr. A. Roche, Cadogan-gardens.

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MASTERSHIP in this School will be VACANT at CHRISTMAS NEXT. The duties consist of the ordinary Mathematical Teaching required for Universities; for the Woolwich and Sandhurst Examinations; and for the Civil Service, with the general charge of the Modern Department. Candidates are requested to apply by letter to the Rev. E. St. JOHN PARKY, Head Master, enclosing Testimonials.

Leamington College, 21st October, 1859.

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The favour of the Votes and Interest of the Governors and Subscribers to the INFANT ORPHAN ASYLUM, WANSTEAD, is most respectfully solicited on behalf of THOMAS WILLIAM CROSSWELL, aged four years and a half. Mrs. CROSSWELL is left a Widow with Six Children. For the last five years she has been deprived of the use of her hands. Her children are all young and depending on her for support. The case is known and urgently recommended by Rev. W. VINCENT, Trinity Church, Islington; HUGH JONES, Esq., 19, Hemingford Cottages, Barnsbury; by whom proxies will be thankfully received, as well as by Mrs. CROSSWELL, at No. 1, Hemingford Cottages, Barnsbury.

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Profit realized since the last septennial investigation ...	136,629 5 0
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Sums proposed for assurance during the year 1858	£596,369 2 4
Sums assured during the year 1858, exclusive of annuity transactions	507,522 9 0
Corresponding Annual Premiums on new policies	16,695 11 10
Annual Revenue (15th November, 1859)	275,990 8 0
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This is in every way a most extraordinary production. If we consider its date, it leaves the celebrated Encyclopedies and the Dictionaries of Trévoux, Martinière, and Moreri far behind; embracing, as it does, in its multitudinous contents, all that they do, and, at the same time, an infinity of subjects which they do not treat upon. The work is so highly esteemed in the British Museum, that three copies have been purchased for that establishment.